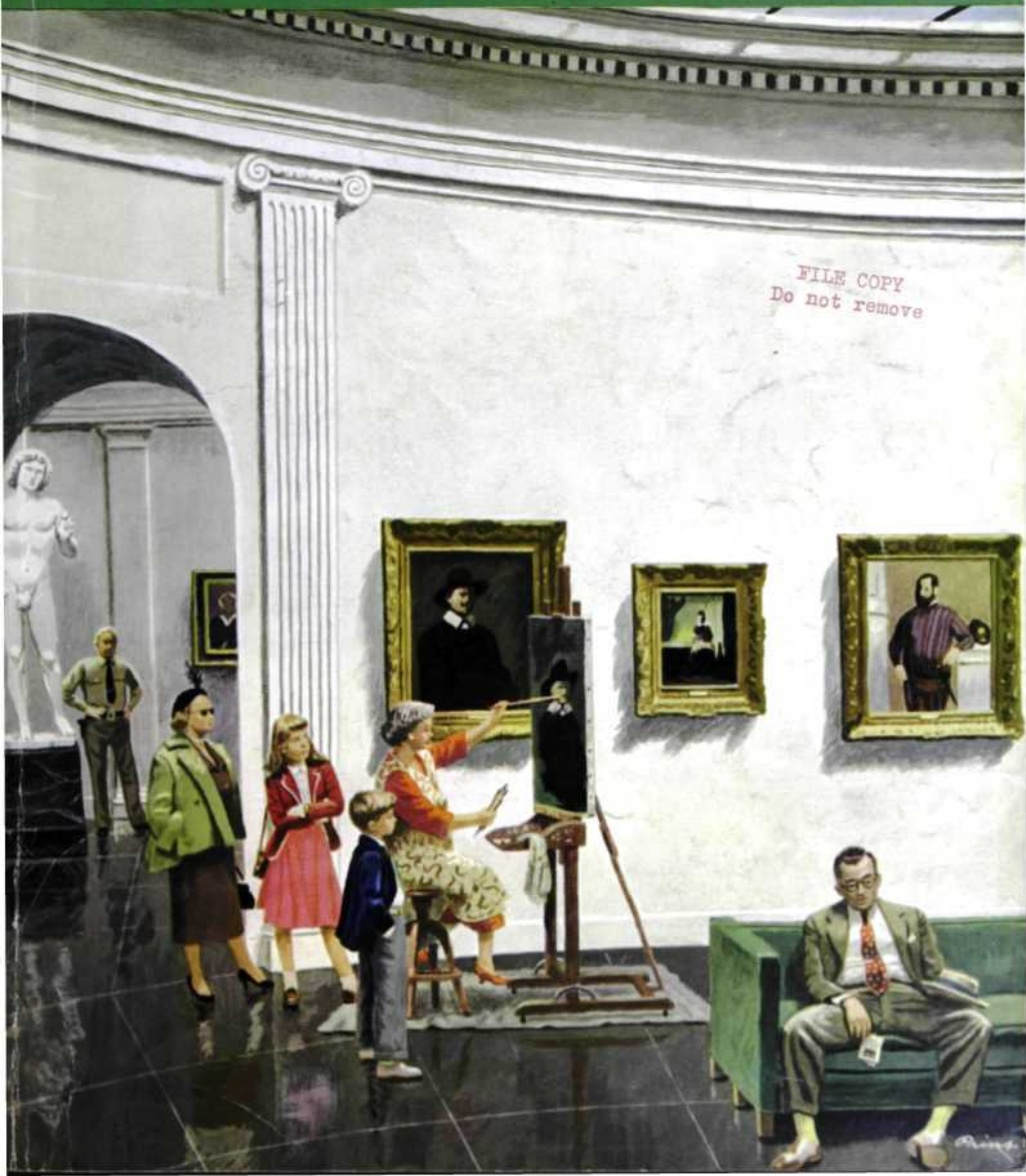
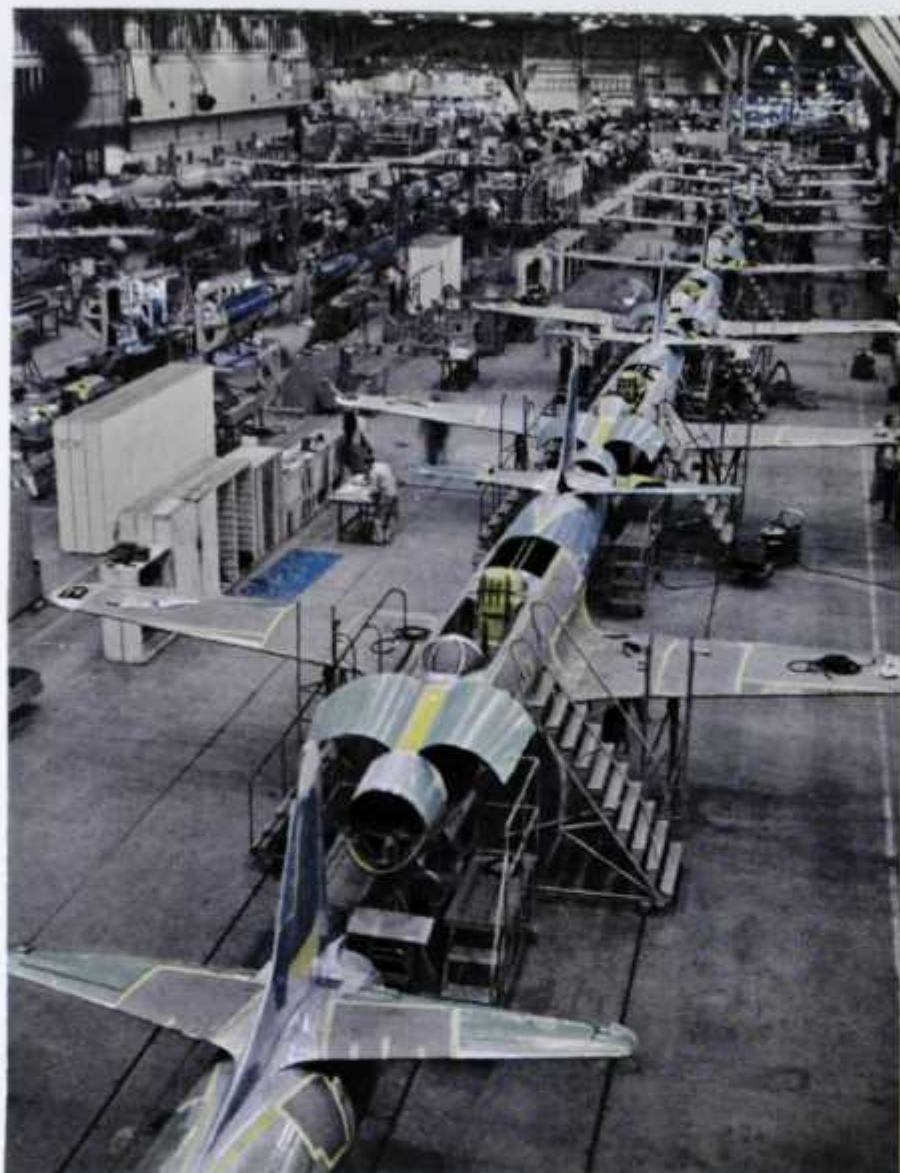


SEPTEMBER 1951

Nation's BUSINESS

A GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESS MEN





Lockheed F-94

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Here are 10 reasons why:

The right units to **SUPPORT** the load

Whether your loads are big or little, heavy or light, there's a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck engineered at the factory to fit your job.

Every unit that supports the load—frame, axles, springs, wheels, tires and others—is built in a wide range of sizes and capacities to provide the strength and capacity needed. No wonder your Dodge "Job-Rated" truck will perform better on your job.



1 The right wheelbase for the load. The wheelbase of every Dodge truck is "Job-Rated" to help give better maneuverability, plus better weight distribution for bigger payloads.



2 The right frame to support a specific load. The frame on every Dodge truck is "Job-Rated" to have the design, strength and rigidity needed for a particular hauling job.



3 The right axles to support a specific load dependably under all conditions. The axles on every Dodge truck are "Job-Rated" to give you the strength required to support the load.



4 The right springs to support and cushion a specific load. The springs on every Dodge truck are "Job-Rated" to have the right number of leaves, required strength and flexibility.



5 The right wheels and tires to support a specific load safely and surely. Wheels are "Job-Rated" for right strength, design and diameter. Tires are "Job-Rated" for right size, tread and pressure.

The right units to **MOVE** the load

Whether your roads are paved or rough, level or hilly, there's a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck to haul your loads.

Every unit that moves the load—engine, clutch, transmission, propeller shaft, rear axle, and others—is also built in a wide variety of sizes and capacities. Each is engineered for a particular operating condition. That's why your Dodge "Job-Rated" truck will save you money, last longer.



6 The right engine to move a specific load surely and economically. The engine of every Dodge truck is "Job-Rated" to give you the right power, performance and operating economy.



7 The right clutch to move a specific load dependably. The clutch in every Dodge truck is "Job-Rated" to have the design and size needed to meet a particular operating condition.



8 The right transmission to move a specific load. The transmission in every Dodge truck is "Job-Rated" to have the strength and number of speeds the particular job requires.



9 The right type axle for the job. Rear axles are "Job-Rated"—single-speed for normal service, double-reduction for extra pulling ability, 2-speed for constantly changing conditions.



10 The right gear ratio of the rear axle to move a specific load on roads you travel and at speeds you require. The rear axle of every Dodge truck is "Job-Rated" for exact gear ratio needed.



Every Dodge "Job-Rated" truck is factory-engineered to perform better Because it's engineered at the factory to fit a specific job, a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck will save you money . . . last longer.

Ask your nearby Dodge dealer to tell you how you can get a Dodge truck that has every unit from engine to rear axle "Job-Rated"—factory-engineered to haul a specific load over the roads you travel and at the speeds you require. Do it soon!

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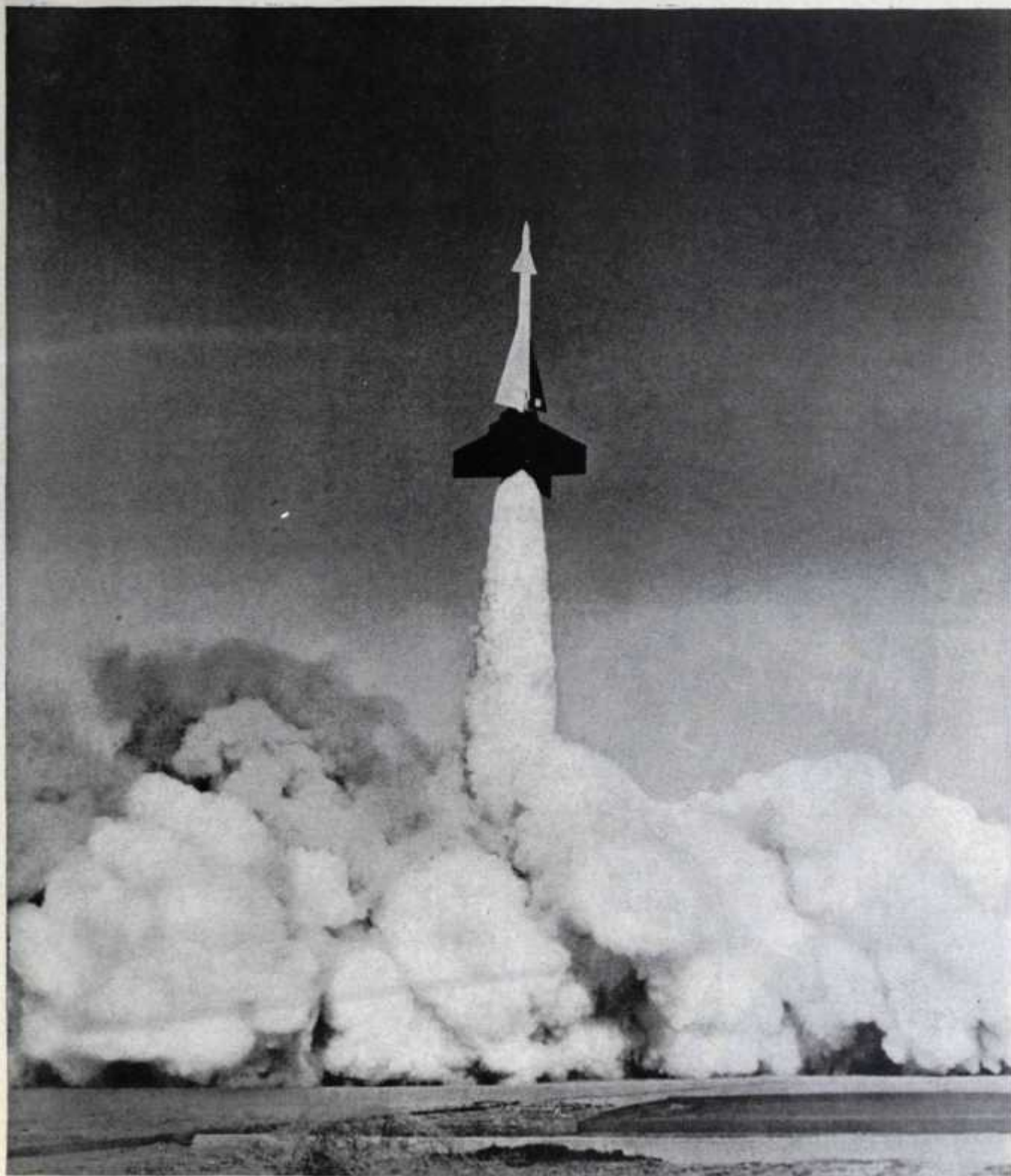
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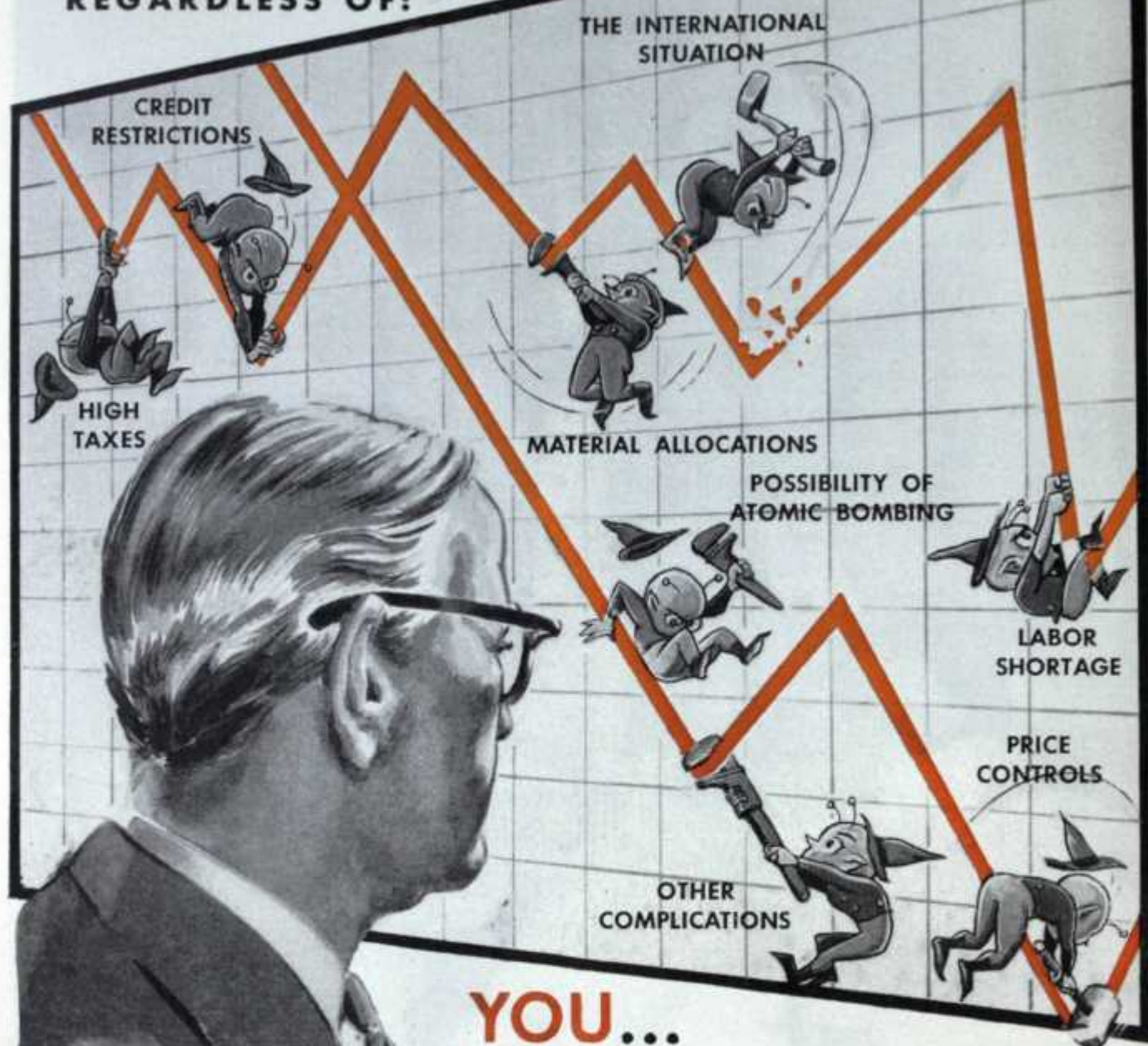


New Guided Missile Takes Off....This newest anti-aircraft missile, soaring upward on its supersonic flight, is launched, steered and exploded by electronic control. These powerful missiles blast high-flying enemy aircraft out of the sky. The control devices were developed by the Bell System's research and manufacturing units—the Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric Company—working together in traditionally close relationship. This guided missile assignment for the Army Ordnance Corps is just one of many important military projects now entrusted to the **Bell Telephone System**.



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Nation's Business



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11



AS A STAFFER for *Time* Magazine, EDWARD B. LOCKETT had covered the build-up of defense production for World War II in Washington from Edward Stettinius through Donald Nelson and the War Production Board. So his research for "The Small Type in War Contracts" turned out to be a renewal of contacts in a field once familiar to him.

Lockett left *Time*, Inc., in 1947 to strike out for himself. Since then he has written regularly for several of the country's top periodicals and has collaborated in a great many stories with General Claire Lee Chennault of "Flying Tiger" fame. The most recent of these was a syndicated series out of Formosa and Hongkong last winter. It analysed the strengths and the weaknesses of the Nationalist China regime.

"IT'S TIME the average investor with surplus funds got around to the idea that trying to beat the stock market is



about as suicidal as trying to beat the life insurance company." This is a sample of the advice that SAM SHULSKY offers in "So You Want a Share in U. S. Industry."

Shulsky is a long-time newspaperman who began his career as a Saturday night and vacation copy boy on the now defunct Rochester, N. Y., *Journal*. He was 15 at the time. Today he is assistant financial editor of the New York *Journal American* and of the International News Service. He is also the current president of the New York Financial Writers Association—a group of men covering business and finance for the newspapers and magazines.

Despite some 16 years of financial experience, Shulsky still finds

It's difficult to cope with his children's monetary aggressiveness. His daughter, 11, insists that ice cream and malted milks should come out of the household food budget, not her allowance. And his son, eight, already has warned that he is going to find out whether he's getting a fair share of papa's salary—after he learns division.

THE "WALKER BULLDOG," the Army's new light tank, represents a milestone on the mobilization road. It is the first and only major piece of new ordnance produced by the Department of Defense since World War II: its production marks private industry's first full cut at the rearmament ball, starting from scratch. For these reasons we asked **KEN JONES** to dig into the production story of the T41-E1.



GEORGE KONIG

When Jones arrived at the Cleveland Tank Plant, he found the Cadillac Division of General Motors highly security conscious. While production employees wore large celluloid identification badges, executives wore, instead, gold, silver and enamel reproductions of the company crest. It gave Jones an idea: He had his own flossy badge right with him! It was the diamond-shaped red, green, white and gold insignia of the Third Company of the famous Cameron Regiment of the French Foreign Legion, which he received while on maneuvers with the Foreign Legion in the Sahara Desert some while back.

"I WAS RAISED on talk of horses, especially trotters," says **HARRY HENDERSON**, who wrote "Those



SAM SHAW

Hay Burning Hot Rods." "My father had them and my mother's family had a stable in Kittanning, Pa., where I was born some 38 years ago.

"The horse I remember best was

a sleek brown trotter named Billy Imes. My memory tells me that he was one of the prettiest and fastest things on four feet, but recently I came across an old family photo of him and a notation on the back says that as a green trotter his time was 2:22. This would mean that perhaps he wasn't so fast after all."

Henderson gave up horses for



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THE time comes in every business man's life when he must decide whether he's going to make a substantial success or just a living.

Many men refuse to face that fact.

They deny that their future is in their hands, preferring to believe that fate, circumstance and chance mold their careers. This reasoning excuses them from making the effort necessary to succeed. It shelters them from the onus of failure.

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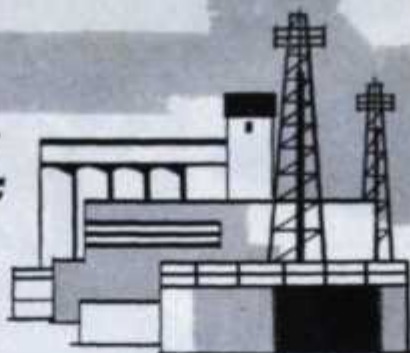
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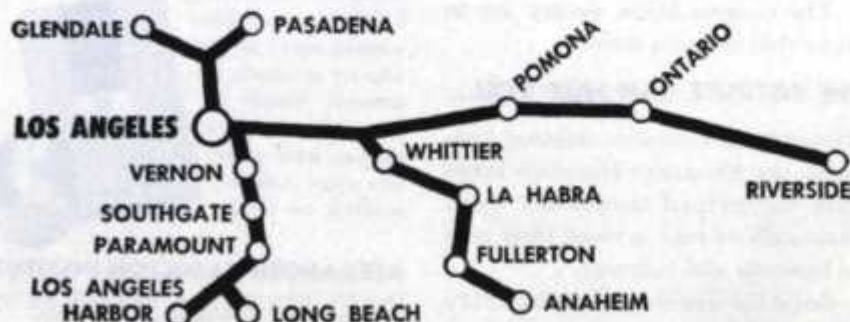
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opportunities here . . . acquired and developed sites for the industries-to-come. Today these sites accommodate some of the nation's leading companies. Among them are Continental Can Co., Crown Zellerbach Corporation, General Motors Corporation, B. F. Goodrich Co., Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Quaker Oats Co., Rath Packing Co., Sears, Roebuck and Co., and Willard Storage Battery Co.

A few choice sites are still available in these properties, all with dependable Union Pacific rail service.



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newspapering in the '20's. A graduate of Penn State, he worked on many Pennsylvania papers before going to New York in 1940 where he began free-lance writing for the slick magazines. He married a college classmate and they live in Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., with a gang of cowboys, Indians, pirates—namely three sons.

CONVENTIONS are big business, as everybody knows. How big? The aggregate annual outlay has been



estimated at more than \$4,000,000,000. And when business men shell out that much dough they expect more in return than a morning-after headache. As a result business gatherings have

taken on a new note. "The Meeting Comes to Order" by **WILLIAM S. DUTTON** gives the details.

Dutton has been writing for magazines on and off for many years. "The off," he says, "includes the interludes of two world wars. The on takes in about every kind of writing job, the results of which may be inflicted upon a helpless public." The range is from "personals for the Stroudsburg, Pa., *Daily Times*, long since deceased, to five-part articles for *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post*; from movies to sermons and from ghosted speeches to books.

"I've yet to write the Great American Novel, or to become rich and famous, or be persuaded that the Maker did not originally intend me for a blacksmith instead of a writer. But give me time. After all, I've been at the business for only about 40 years."

THIS MONTH'S cover painting by **BEN PRINS** is actually a tale of two cities. Veteran gallery-goers will recognize the setting as a part of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.



The copyist at the easel was photographed in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C. However, Artist Prins did a fine job of bridging the gap between them.

Just in case you're wondering if we booted one by showing a south-paw painter, we hasten to report that that's the way the lady appears in the photograph Prins used as a guide.

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

✓ BOTH GUNS AND butter—even too much butter?

That question worries official Washington.

For too much is just about as bad as not enough to the makers of policy designed to maintain a full economy—particularly in an election year.

✓ OF GREAT CONCERN to the capital's policy makers is fact that they cannot find causes for current trends.

And therefore cannot estimate their depth or duration.

Rise in employment is smaller—and rise in unemployment benefit claims is greater—than they expected.

Wholesale, commodity prices hold steady instead of rising, and retail sales—though good—are far below expectations.

"Things are not reacting according to economic theory. We are left without our usual tools for analysis.

"There must be characteristics in this economy with which we're not familiar—elements we haven't even discovered."

That's how things look to a White House aide.

✓ MASS PSYCHOLOGY overrides economic theory.

Theoretically U. S. should be in period of rising prices, shortages, overtime work in consumer goods factories.

Instead there's price recession—we're wallowing in "hard to get" consumer goods. And factories supplying civilians in some instances are down to 40 per cent of operating capacity.

What's happening?

One thing: Mrs. Brown went shopping in response to sale ads, bought no price-slashed goods "because I didn't have to have it and the prices still are too high."

Mrs. Brown's fruitless shopping trip means little in itself. But that's no isolated case.

It's part of widespread feeling, part of mass psychology that defies economic theory, upsets plans, fills warehouses with unsold goods.

According to theory, the more money people get, the more they spend. But that's not happening.

Rate of personal income after taxes has been rising steadily all this year. But spending rate has failed to parallel it.

Personal consumption expenditures in last quarter of 1950 were at annual rate of \$198,400,000,000.

In first quarter this year they jumped to \$208,000,000,000. But then the turn came. Second quarter rate was \$203,000,000,000—despite rise of income.

Taxes made little difference. Over same period tax take increased only about half a billion.

Sudden rise in personal net savings accounts for the shift. In second quarter 8.9 per cent of disposable income went into savings. Compares with 4.3 per cent in first quarter.

But that doesn't answer the "why?"

Economic theory that spending rate follows income doesn't take into consideration accumulations resulting from war scare buying.

But these accumulations make it easier for consumers to look at price tags—and decide to put their money in savings.

✓ GOVERNMENT CAN OPEN throttle on defense production, take up slack elsewhere in the economy.

That's widely believed. But don't rely on it. Performance on arms program so far suggests it's impossible.

If Government can't keep defense production up to schedule, there's little chance it can push it ahead of plans.

Why has armament program fallen nearly 30 per cent behind schedule? Answers to that show difficulty of throttle-pushing.

First: Shortages of materials—despite apparent oversupply of consumers' goods made of scarce copper, lead, tin, steel.

Armament takes these materials in vast quantities—and supplies aren't great enough to expand production.

So program is geared to its slowest components.

Second: Shortage of machine tools. While this shortage is questionable, it is real enough to check quick expansion of arms program.

Third: Reluctance on part of military to settle on designs, go ahead with production orders. That will be continuing

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER


cause of slow going in armament making.

Military expected to learn by experience on Korean battlegrounds. But except for jet fighter planes of excellent performance Reds withheld whatever new implements of warfare they have.

We used weapons. Reds used manpower. So U. S. learned comparatively little of Red equipment progress.

Military is inclined to go slowly on present designs.

Tendency of top brass is to accent research, development.

 **FEDERAL RESERVE** Board's industrial production index illustrates economy's dependence on arms program.

Index has held steady at about 222 for past six months.

During that time Treasury's expenditures for defense have increased 50 per cent—from annual rate of \$24,000,000,000 in March to \$36,000,000,000 last month.


So instead of being superimposed on a full civilian economy, as expected, arms program has displaced part of contracted civilian requirements—an offset instead of an addition.

During same period manufacture for civilian markets has been at a rate considerably above consumption.

Resulting slack has brought readjustments—in some cases severe—in both soft and durable consumer lines. Situation emphasizes strong crosscurrents in present economy.

It indicates there is room for arms program to expand further before it creates any actual pinch in civilian supply.

Note: Because of its importance in over-all economy, watch arms program closely. Washington talks of war scares, expansion of program—to counteract possibility of cutback. That possibility will grow if public considers peace outlook good.

 **TREMENDOUS POWER** building up slowly in government spending obligations is shown in annual carryover.

In fiscal '51 (closed June 30) appropriations and obligations totaled \$80,600,000,000. Expenditures were about \$44,500,000,000.

Thus carryover was \$35,000,000,000.

Contracts have been made, orders placed, for nearly all this unused portion.

Appropriations this year are expected to reach from \$90,000,000,000 to \$100,000,000,000. Expenditures are estimated at \$68,000,000,000—leaving carryover of \$22,000,000,000.

Add previously accumulated carryover and you'll find U. S. will start 1953 fiscal year next July with about \$75,000,000,000 in authorized but unspent obligations, in addition to its current appropriations.

That indicates a peak in deliveries and expenditures late in 1953 or in '54. Unless there's cutback.


 **HIGH EXPECTATIONS**—no sales dip—brought on current price softness.

Sales are "off" only when compared to what manufacturers, distributors, retailers thought they would be.

Failure of expected sales boom to materialize is what filled warehouses with big, overhanging inventories.

Actually, department store sales in first half of '51 were ten per cent above same period a year ago. That's on cash, unadjusted basis.

This year's sales rate projected over last year's pattern indicates 1951 sales of \$155,000,000,000—\$15,000,000,000 above the 1950 total.

 **DIVIDE TOTAL BACKLOG** by last month's production—and you find a severe machine tool shortage.

Figures would show delivery delays up to 2½ years.

But look carefully into the orders that make up the backlog—and you find no shortage at all.


That's view of tool builder who's taken a careful look. He finds:

No general shortage of machine tools, if those available were distributed in accordance with current need.

Orders placed at insistence of armed forces for tools that could not be used for months, or even years, after proposed delivery dates.

"There's a lot of water in these tool backlogs," reports the builder. "Otherwise our customers would be hounding us for them. They're not."

How much water is there in your backlog?

 **OIL INDUSTRY RACES** to keep ahead of skyrocketing demand.

American Petroleum Institute estimates cost of this year's expansion at \$3,000,000,000.

Expected increase in U. S. domestic demand (civilian and military) this year

over last is eight to ten per cent. Last year's increase was nearly 12 per cent over '49.

Together the two years' rise (20 per cent) represents new consumption equal in volume to total consumption of all western European nations.

Oil industry got head start by building up reserves, capacity ahead of sharp rise in demand.

It spent \$10,000,000,000 in five years following V-J Day.

While military needs have more than doubled, these represent only about five per cent of current total oil demand in the U. S.

Outlook: Oil men say military will get all the oil it needs and no important shortages of any petroleum products for civilian use now are in sight.

✓ SHORTAGE, OVERSUPPLY, or maldistribution?

That last one easily can mislead you. Shortage of truck tires developed in trade channels in spring. Some manufacturers said it would become acute by summer.

But it failed to develop. Why?

Industry statisticians went to work counting tires built, sold, in dealers' hands—and on the wheels that use them.

Their figures show that at least 1,000,000 more truck tires—perhaps 1,500,000—were bought during last year than were put on wheels, at anything like normal rate of use.

Excess of purchase over use of automobile tires is computed at somewhere between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000.

So instead of shortage there's an attic inventory that will affect regular distribution until mid-1952.

✓ IF YOU'RE OVER a barrel on inventories, need financing, might pay you to talk with the makers of your goods.

Manufacturers are reported in some instances to be helping finance inventories in distributors' hands.

If you need help—and the manufacturer is in good shape, you have a point to argue. It's this:

Profits over base period level are taxed at 62% per cent.

So any money extended to you from that segment of profit could cost the manufacturer only 37% cents on the dollar—even if it's lost.

Another effect of taxes: Firm that passes into excess bracket after profitable first six months can coast along at break-even level for the rest of the year, lose little on year's net.

MANAGEMENT'S

WASHINGTON LETTER

✓ DON'T GIVE too much weight to unfilled orders as a business indicator.

High level of unfilled orders usually means good business, particularly if inventories are low.

But now inventories are high—and a big part of the order backlog is for defense items.

Drop these out, and level of unfilled orders probably would be low in relation to inventories.

✓ IF YOU USE department store sales as indicator be sure to put year ago pattern in proper perspective.

Last month's sales were off in year ago comparisons because of last year's surge.

September pattern is about the same—if you use adjusted figures.

On that basis September 1950 sales were down five per cent from August 1950 volume.

But if you use dollar figures September year ago jumped 18 per cent over the first post-Korea August.

Adjustment is for sales days, seasonal pattern, other factors.

✓ BRIEFS: Price tag on Lockheed's new 93-passenger airliner: \$1,500,000 each. Orders for 62 are on the books.

. . . Auto makers increase shipments West, decrease them East. . . . Another result of big inventories: Shippers, receivers use freight cars for warehouses. Rails plan campaign to stop it. . . . Controller of the Currency Preston Delano speaking: "When the international situation becomes more settled more than a few borrowers, and their banks, may be confronted with definite loan repayment problems." . . . It will take nearly a year to double military aircraft production from its present 400 planes a month rate. . . . During World War II it cost \$0.547 per day to feed a GI. Now it's \$1.137. . . . White House bricks beg for bidders. After finding it had received only 95 orders for enough White House bricks to build a fireplace, Commission on Renovation of the Executive Mansion extended sale deadline to Sept. 30. It also shipped bricks abroad for distribution at Boy Scout jamboree in Austria.

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**PREFERRED AMONG
MEN AT THE TOP**

By My Way

R. L. DUFFUS



Television in the raw

UNTIL the other evening I wasn't familiar with the way a television show is produced. I am not sure I am really familiar with it now, but I believe the noise is picked up on one side of the stage and the light waves on the other; and sometimes you see what is going on directly and sometimes you see it on a screen, the same as though you were in your own home with your slippers on. The apparatus used was imported, I believe, from Mars, and it both interested and baffled me, especially when it shut off my view of the actors.

On the whole, the impression I had was of being in the audience and behind the scenes at one and the same time; or of being on a lot in Hollywood, as I once was, during the shooting of an elaborate old-style silent film; or of being in a Chinese theater, as I was once or twice in San Francisco's old Chinatown.

All this was in my mind and one other possibility—that at any moment anybody, myself included, might be called out of his comfortable obscurity and presented with a year's supply of soap, a refrigerator, a peck of diamonds or a trip to Europe. This didn't happen to myself or the friends who were with me, but it might have. Cinderella, Aladdin, the rainbow's Pot of Gold, the prospector finding the lost mine—all stories come true in television. I marvel no more at the antennae that bloom above the humblest houses today.

Dogs are busy, too

EVERYBODY admits that beavers are busy but I don't believe any animal is ever more fully occupied than a dog taking a walk. I arrived at this conclusion this morning as I strolled two miles to the railway station accompanied by a collie who thought he knew me, even though I did not, at first, know him. This amiable creature did not in any sense dog my footsteps. He was not content, as I was, to get

from one place to another—he had to investigate.

If another dog hove in sight within half a mile of our course he went over and had a conversation—in each case a friendly one. He went hopefully after squirrels, and even birds. He used his fine nose to pick up information as to who and what had passed that way before. I suppose he did ten miles while I was doing my two. When I last saw him he was sitting on his haunches on the station platform, pulse and respiration normal, evidently waiting for another stroller to get off the train as I got on. A dog like that is never going to be bored—in which respect he is ahead of some of us humans.

Good times ahead

MY OLD friend and mentor Tilbury Snodgrass of East Mapleville, Vt., writes in his usual optimistic vein. He has been looking at his calendar and says that it will be less than four months now before the days begin getting longer again.

Risky, but fun

I HAVE been mountain-climbing again, this time in the pages of Frank S. Smythe's "Climbs in the Canadian Rockies." Time after time I have narrowly escaped losing my hold on a sentence at the top of a page and falling to certain death on a paragraph hundreds of words below. I have looked unflinchingly at photographs of cliffs, glaciers and snow cornices that would make an ordinary reader's blood run cold.

I don't boast—I was born with the courage to read about mountain climbing, just as some others are born with the courage to do it. Smythe was one of the latter. He didn't have much patience with climbers who used artificial devices to get up cliffs; he remarks of two Americans who got up the otherwise unscaled heights of Mt. Brussels by hammering pitons into the rocks so that "in no part of the

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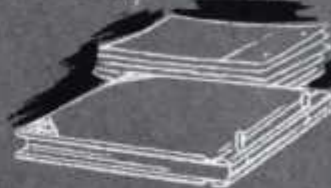
Wasted management hours



Tied-up capital



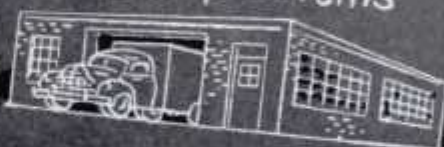
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Maintenance problems



Garaging expense and problems



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Aug. 2nd—Paris, France. Have over-indulged myself eating, which it would seem is the second most popular pastime here. Already my distended mid-section would indicate the augmentation of many a stone.



Aug. 4th—To the American Embassy at Paris, together with many other proud Americans. 'Tis unfortunate that one must leave his land to fully appreciate it.

Aug. 8th—My patience sorely tried by telephones here. Where less than a league distant, I find it faster and less vexatious to call on rather than call up.

Aug. 11th—To my ears comes rumors of a general slackening of trade in the U. S. Ergo as this is writ, I question how emphatic should I be, —as has been my wont, ancient patronizing my competitors. However in full honesty must I comment that they are goode people; make goode products.



Aug. 18th—To General Sir Ronald Adams and Sir John Maude's for cocktails, whom I did most unwittingly offend by requesting bourbon. Howsoever, these Scottish gentlemen most tolerantly did furnish me with the equally sustaining liquid from their own glen.

Aug. 21st—Almost everywhere is manifest the greates achievements of E.C.A. To those who have so ably administered its functioning, much praise is overdue.



Aug. 28th—To Chartres with friend Al. Eurich, to view the cathedral, a meticulous timeless work of man. Then the artist and artisan were one. Alas this exists no more, not even with the furniture wrot of steel in my shop, which is the finest we know today.

Aug. 31st—Many communist posters doing the Americans much injustice, dot the French countryside. No-where do I find counterbalancing posters proving us less villainous. Methinks the Voice of America is mute except over the airwaves.

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upper 400 feet could either of them have been killed, because the second man could always hold his leader on his piton."

I can't see what fun being killed on a mountain is. I suppose Smythe meant that it is fun to cheat death by strength and skill and not by carrying a load of assorted hardware. Be that as it may, this is good reading for those who find life down at the office too tame.



The giddy years

WHENEVER I am tempted to criticize the younger generation I think of a venerable old crank who use to live in—let us say—Vermont. At 90 he had got to the point where he wasn't satisfied to condemn wild youth; he said the middle-aged weren't any good any more and that people of 70 or so were going around making fools of themselves in a way that wouldn't have been dreamed of in the good old days when he was that age.

Turnips, pro and con

VARIATIONS in what people like to eat are fascinating. For example, American soldiers don't care for turnip; that is what the Quartermaster General learned when he asked 14,000 of them. On the other hand, I know lots of persons who love turnip. I love it myself, well-mashed and seasoned with too much butter, pepper and salt.

Right now I could eat a big serving of turnip, with some country sausage and corn-on-the-cob (the Army agrees with me about the latter item), follow this up with a slab of hot raspberry pie and not care a bit whether indigestion followed. But I am in a minority and this is an age of mass production. I almost never am able to find such a combination in any public eating place.

Being a grandparent

WE HAVE been having a visit from our 14-month-old granddaughter—and, of course, her parents. Fourteen months, more or less, is a good age to be, and N. A. makes the most of it. Everybody loves attention, and she gets it, wherever she

goes. Everybody wants to be admired, and she is—and deservedly. The only social problem we had was with Petunia, who said that N. A. was too small to be human and didn't have enough fur to be a cat and that we had better watch out. But in due time N. A. converted and charmed even Petunia.

Being grandparents is not a new experience for us, what with Butch and (though we haven't yet seen him) Mike. I was at first startled at the realization that I was old enough to be such. It seems just yesterday that I was 14 months old myself. But N. A., Butch and Mike have pretty well convinced me that grandparenthood is worth all the growing up it requires.

Off again, on again

I HAVE stopped smoking for a while, just to show that I can and to have the luxury of feeling superior to those who can't. Feeling superior not only does not irritate the throat, it doesn't even cost anything. But it is not good for one's character to feel superior too much of the time and so, after a decent interval, I am going to begin smoking again. If, on and after that date, anybody wishes to feel superior to me because I am smoking and he isn't, I hope he will step right up.



The old army game?

FOUR of us were playing parcheesi the other evening—an innocent amusement if ever there was one, for we weren't making bets. Somebody observed that parcheesi is an ancient game. It is. Like backgammon, to which it is closely related, it can be traced back 1,000 years, and if games in which pieces are moved according to a throw of the dice are grouped in one family parcheesi and backgammon go back through the classic Roman and Greek eras and into the Babylonian period.

I wouldn't have thought I had much in common with an ancient Babylonian but I have. The next time I rolled my dice I felt a ghostly presence at my back; this creature had played parcheesi or something like it 25 centuries or so ago,

and he was sure I wasn't playing the game right. We'd have had angry words if I hadn't remembered that I ought to show respect for the elderly.



Back to school

WHEN I was very young school was school and vacation was vacation; a boy could tell the difference between school and vacation, and, definitely, a boy preferred vacation. I don't think this is the case any longer, though the newspapers pretend it is. Millions of children will return cheerfully to classes this month because education has been made interesting and because vacation is now so well organized that it resembles education.

In my day a boy wasn't supposed to enjoy himself in school; he was supposed to learn, and some teachers thought that if learning hurt it might on that account last longer. When a boy wasn't learning, in the country towns I knew, he was running wild—swimming, fishing, hiking through the woods, playing Indian, and indeed living more like a young Indian than he himself realized. I think he had a better time, during vacation, than boys have today, but since he had a worse time in school it is probable that the year averaged out about as it does today. Life was, and is, quite endurable for a boy.

"How to," etc.

TWO BOOKS side by side in a store window caught my eye: "How to Prepare for Your Draft Test" and "How to Get Ahead in the Armed Forces." It seemed to me that if an American youth bought and mastered each of these books he couldn't lose; he might have to interrupt his college education but on the other hand he might rise to be a corporal or even a sergeant.

Last of the sun tan

I SUPPOSE an outstanding example of the qualities that have made the human race what it is today is the young man or young woman on a September beach putting the finishing touches to a sun tan that he or she knows only too well will be gone by November.

THOUGHTS WHILE RETIRING

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The State of the Nation



Felix Morley

THIS month, which saw the surrender of Japan six years ago, will also see the signing of a "peace of reconciliation" with that once arrogant and hostile nation.

Peace treaties are legal contracts between governments that have been at war. But they are, or should be, much more than that. A

treaty of peace is supposed to erase the distinction between victor and vanquished. When the document is signed and ratified the unhappy period of enmity is closed and "friendly relations" are formally re-established.

There will be far more diplomatic ceremonial at San Francisco than there is in the aftermath of a recess fight between two schoolboys. But all the display and etiquette at the signing there will be gilding on the same fundamental principle of "shake hands and make up."

This element of reconciliation is not mere sentiment. It is, indeed, an essential part of any treaty of peace that is to be worth more than the parchment on which the master copies are traditionally inscribed. And that is true precisely because a peace treaty, like any other treaty between sovereign nations, is a contractual arrangement, voluntarily agreed on by parties regarded by international law as equals.

Everyone knows that, in the relatively simple

relations of individuals, a contract made under duress is not held binding by the courts. On exactly the same principle a vindictive peace treaty, imposed against the sense of justice of a conquered people, is never regarded as morally binding by those who have been defeated.



More than 250 years ago this very important point was clarified, with irrefutable logic, by the great English philosopher John Locke, whose influence on the men who wrote the Constitution of the United States was great.

In his famous essay on "Civil Government," first published in 1690, Locke has a chapter on "Conquest," which carefully examines both the legal and moral rights possessed by a victorious nation over the people who have been vanquished. The concluding passage of this chapter is worth quoting, for the unfamiliar beauty of its old-fashioned language does not conceal the clarity of Locke's thought:

"The short of the case in conquest, is this: The conqueror, if he have a just cause, has a despotical right over the persons of all that actually aided and concurred in the war against him, and a right to make up his damage and cost out of their labour and estates, so he injure not the right of any other. Over the rest of the people . . . and over the children . . . he has no power, and so can have, by virtue of conquest, no lawful title himself to dominion over them . . . whence it is plain that shaking off a power which force, and not right, hath set over



anyone . . . is no offense before God, but that which He allows and countenances, though even promises and covenants, when obtained by force, have intervened."

In drafting the treaty with Japan, John Foster Dulles, who had the matter in charge for the Department of State, adhered very closely to the principles of peace-making laid down by John Locke so many years ago. For this model treaty is fairly summarized by

saying that, while it exercises the "despotic right" of the United States to render unlikely any resurgence of Japanese militarism, it is equally careful to put no impediments in the way of that nation's economic recovery. Therefore, the treaty cannot be said to injure the natural rights of those Japanese who were children, or were otherwise wholly innocent of hostile design at the time of Pearl Harbor.

Thus—in the actual treaty terms—Japan on the one hand "renounces all right, title and claim" to Korea, Formosa and other territory acquired by past wars. On the other hand, no restrictions whatsoever are placed on the rebuilding of a Japanese merchant marine, on the development of commercial aviation or on any other aspect of peaceful economic recovery. Moreover, Article 5 of the treaty goes so far as to permit rearmament, and the making of military alliances, to any extent deemed desirable by the Japanese Government and people themselves. The formal language on this point is:

"The Allied Powers for their part recognize that Japan as a sovereign nation possesses the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense referred to in Article 51 of the Charter of the United Nations and that Japan may voluntarily enter into collective security arrangements."

Prior to the first world war this sort of peace treaty, based on the Christian assumption that a defeated nation should not be held in chains by the victor, was entirely normal. At the Congress of Vienna, after the final defeat of Napoleon, France was indeed treated as the absolute equal of her conquerors, so much so as to bewilder the fallen dictator.

In his final exile at St. Helena, Napoleon asked in perplexity, "What great advantage," had Viscount Castlereagh, the English negotiator, "acquired for his country?" Napoleon, like other tyrants of a smaller mold, was wholly unable to understand Castlereagh's enlightened theory of

seeking, as the latter said, "Security but not Revenge."

Of course it may be cynically asserted that our peace treaty with Japan would have been more punitive, and would have placed real impediments in the way of Japan's recovery as a commercial rival, if Soviet Russia had continued to be our friend. That is quite possible, although the argument is not susceptible to proof, one way or the other. But if it were agreed that only Russia's enmity has served to make us gentle toward Japan, it would not therefore follow that a revengeful attitude would be wise policy.

On the contrary, the recent treatment of Japan, first under the occupation policy of General MacArthur and now under the Dulles "peace of reconciliation," has made the great majority of the Japanese our firm friends and supporters. Human beings, whatever their creed or color, will always respond more happily to kindness than to kicks.

The Congress of Vienna, emphasizing John Locke's magnanimous philosophy, preserved the peace of Europe for a century. The punitive Treaty of Versailles, in 1919, helped to bring Hitler to power within 15 years. Now the United States, which would not sign the "Versailles dictate," is showing a much more positive leadership in sponsoring a peace that the Japanese envoys at San Francisco will approve with heartfelt appreciation; not merely because they must accept it.

Indeed the practical value of this equitable treaty has been demonstrated even before the signatures are subscribed. It provides, in Article 6, that within 90 days of coming into force, "all occupation forces of the Allied Powers shall be withdrawn from Japan." Dulles, however, arranged with Premier Yoshida that under a second treaty with Japan, to be signed immediately after the peace treaty, such American troops as we think necessary will continue to be stationed on Japanese soil.

Actually, our soldiers in Tokyo will not leave that station. But their status, as of a certain day, will change from that of conquerors to that of invited guests. Though the difference will be purely psychological, it is not unimportant.

Back in 1817, when the United States was only 30 years old, we had as Secretary of State John Quincy Adams, who later became President. Adams, the statesman who guided the planning of the Monroe Doctrine, has often been called our "greatest foreign minister." It is therefore the more interesting to recall what he himself called his code in foreign policy.

"The more of pure moral principle that is carried into policy and conduct of government," John Quincy Adams wrote, "the wiser and more profound will that policy be."

—FELIX MORLEY

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Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

IT IS something of an experience to see President Truman in action, and then to travel down Pennsylvania Avenue for a close-up of Congress.

Those who have the opportunity, newspaper correspondents and others, are struck by the difference in the atmosphere at the White House and the Capitol. It occurs to them eventually that this is accounted for by the difference in demeanor—Mr. Truman's as contrasted to that of the lawmakers.

The Chief Executive, a vigorous 67, is buoyant and sometimes gay. Of course, he can glower, too, as when he was signing the new controls law. But most of the time his mood is on the jaunty side.

The senators and representatives, on the other hand, seem to be laboring under a terrific strain. You get the impression that they are overworked and badly in need of a vacation. You also sense that they are oppressed by the cries of "Do-Nothing Congress" and "Horsemeat Congress."

One would think that it would be the other way around—that it would be Mr. Truman who was cast in the role of oppressed statesman. His burden would certainly qualify him. Few occupants of the White House have had more troubles; none since Harding has had so many that smacked of scandal.

But the President has at least two advantages over the average member of Congress which help to explain the difference in mood. One of these is to be found in the Missourian's make-up as an individual, and the other in the nature of his job.

Mr. Truman is an avowed optimist. When he decided to fire MacArthur, he predicted to intimates that "all hell would break loose," but that in the end everything "would work out all right." He thinks it has. Recently, he asked reporters not to call him "cocky," and said that the word that really fitted him was "confident."

He seems to enjoy all the speculation about whether he will or will not run in '52. He is in a position, financially and otherwise, where he can, if he chooses, voluntarily retire and let history pass judgment on his record (something that the average senator or representative certainly is not prepared to do).

Mr. Truman's other advantage is to be found in elementary civics. A President of the United

States has the responsibility of speaking for all the people. He also has the responsibility of exercising leadership; exercising it, sometimes, boldly and without benefit of polls or ear-to-the-ground reports from political scouts.

Paradoxically, the average senator or representative finds it much more difficult to represent a single state or district. Often he is beset by doubts as to how his constituents would want him to vote, and haunted by thoughts of the next election. Sometimes he is willing to follow the President (or his party leaders if he is in the opposition), but generally he seeks guidance from "the folks back home."

Lord Bryce, that great student of American politics and government, was much impressed by the lack of independence and initiative among members of Congress, especially those in the House.

"There is no country," he said in his "American Commonwealth," "whose representatives are more dependent on popular opinion, more ready to trim their sails to the least breath of it."

Bryce found (in the 1880's) that many of his American friends were "fond of running down congressmen." He noted that few American youngsters dreamed of going to Congress; that they aspired, rather, to a career that would mean more money and greater independence, such as the law or the higher walks of commerce or finance.

He himself could see many faults in Congress, but on the whole he thought it compared favorably with Britain's Parliament.

Bryce, writing at a time when our population was only about 50,000,000 and before "Boss" Reed got off his line about "a billion-dollar country," made this remarkable prediction about our national legislature:

"If the men are not great, the issues are vast and fateful. Here, as so often in America, one thinks rather of the future than of the present. Of what tremendous struggles may not this hall become the theater in ages yet far distant, when the parlia-





ments of Europe have shrunk to insignificance!"

Such an age is here. The Congress of the United States, as Bryce foresaw, now dwarfs all the parliaments of Europe; its legislative acts are changing the face of the earth, and in the end may determine the fate of civilization itself.

Nevertheless, many of the actors in this great drama have a feeling that Congress is friendless.

The epithet, "Horsemeat Congress," was hung on the Eighty-second during the fight over economic controls; specifically the fight over beef rollbacks. Whether it will stick, and possibly be an issue in the 1952 election depends upon what happens meantime in the country's butcher shops.

The other one, "Do-Nothing Congress," was inspired by a legislative log jam, which saw an unprecedented delay in the passage of the regular appropriation bills for the various departments and agencies. One reason for this pile up has been the battle between the two houses over attempted cuts in appropriations, cuts which so far have fallen far short of what most economy advocates had hoped for.

In the end, after it has wrestled with the military appropriation bill, the foreign-aid bill and the new tax bill, the Eighty-second Congress will have performed a task of monumental proportions.

The "Do-Nothing" label, it will be recalled, was first used by President Truman in his give-'em-hell campaign in 1948. He hung it on the Republican-dominated Eightieth Congress, which had been elected two years earlier. To this day, Republicans are amazed that they let Mr. Truman get away with it, and angry with Gov. Tom Dewey because he didn't move in with a more vigorous defense.

It was the Eightieth Congress, of course, which enacted the Taft-Hartley law, now well embedded in the statute books. It was the Eightieth, too, which cut taxes (a move some Republicans think was a mistake), unified the armed forces in a single Department of Defense, and set up the Hoover Commission to recommend governmental reforms.

Far more important, in the light of what has happened in the international field, were two other actions by that G.O.P. legislature. One was approval of the Administration's Marshall Plan, and the other was adoption of the Vandenberg

resolution which paved the way for the North Atlantic Treaty.

The Marshall Plan has gone a long way in putting western Europe on its feet and giving Europeans back their nerve. In the past two years, the rate of military production in Europe has doubled, and in the coming year it is expected to double again. Nevertheless, our allies in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization still need help; hence the Administration's request for \$8,500,000,000 for foreign military and economic aid in the fiscal year '52.

This promises to be one of the most controversial pieces of legislation to come before the Eighty-second Congress. Efforts to cut the amount or to spread it out over a longer period of time are almost certain.

What is a conscientious member of Congress to do? He senses that the people he represents want a strong America, and also strong and reliable allies, but, at the same time, he knows that many of those back home are wondering where it is all going to end.

The things he is thinking are put into words by an administration stalwart, Sen. Tom Connally of Texas, who wants to know how the United States can "support the whole free world and remain solvent."

But then our conscientious lawmaker hears from another American, perhaps the most popular man in the world today, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Ike has been laying it on the line for senators and representatives who have flown over to see him at his NATO headquarters in France. He tells them that there is no time to lose in building up his "Wall of Peace."

"If we let this program drag on and drag on," Ike says, "we will be unable to inspire either the maximum confidence or the maximum effort necessary to success. America will be getting half the results for twice the cost. In addition, we will not be ready at a time when there could conceivably be extreme danger. Let us do this job quickly and let us get it done."

If it is done, he says, and if the galaxy of free nations cling together, the day may not be far off when "the communist system will begin to dry up and the threat will begin to disappear."

Top military men, here and abroad, still are of the opinion that Russia is not likely to start a great war in the near future. They have no firm conviction on this, however, and they are completely sincere when they say that this is a particularly dangerous period. It is dangerous, they say, because it is a time when the Soviet leaders have got to make up their minds what they are going to do about the build-up that is taking place.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

From The New York Times
SEPTEMBER 1950

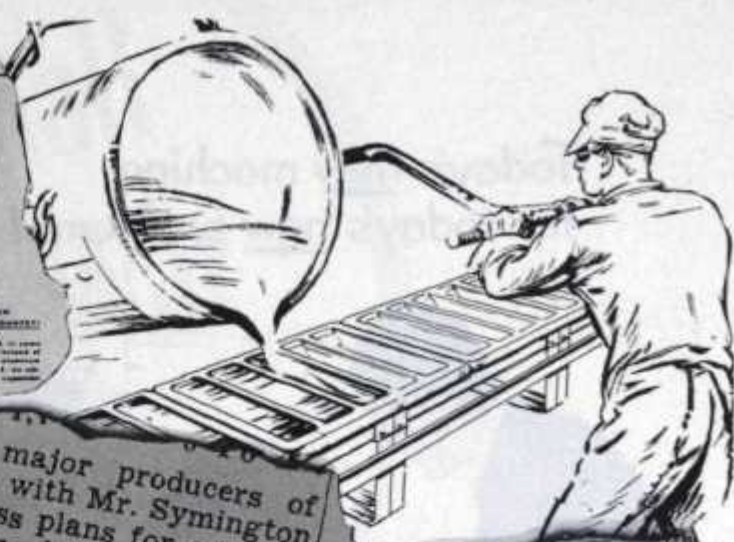
Again, as before Pearl Harbor, Reynolds was first in publicly proclaiming with this advertisement: "America needs more aluminum!"

AMERICA NEEDS MORE ALUMINUM

ALUMINUM is the most important of all modern materials. It is the most abundant metal in the earth's crust. It is the most versatile. It is the most durable. It is the most beautiful. It is the most economical. It is the most important. It is the most valuable. It is the most essential. It is the most necessary. It is the most important. It is the most valuable. It is the most essential. It is the most necessary.

NATIONAL SECURITY RESOURCES BOARD ALUMINUM PRODUCTION IN 1950-1951

It is proposed to increase production of aluminum in the U.S. to 1,000,000 tons a year by 1952.



From The New York Times
OCTOBER 1950

National Security Resources Board and aluminum producers meet to plan expansion.

...major producers of aluminum met today to discuss plans for expanding production.

From The New York Times
NOVEMBER 1950

First expansion agreement announced... Reynolds to add 100,000 tons of new capacity.

Reynolds to Expand Aluminum Production 100,000 Tons Under Agreement With G.S.A.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26 (AP)—The Government today announced plans to expand the nation's aluminum output production by 100,000 tons a year.

General Services Administration said it has entered into an agreement with Reynolds Metals Company to build a new 75,000-ton plant to be ready for production in 1952. The company has not yet

The agreement was negotiated for the Government by Jens Larson, G. S. A. Administrator, and by James Boyd, acting administrator of the Defense Minerals Administration.

JUNE 1951

REYNOLDS IS FIRST WITH NEW ALUMINUM CAPACITY IN PRODUCTION

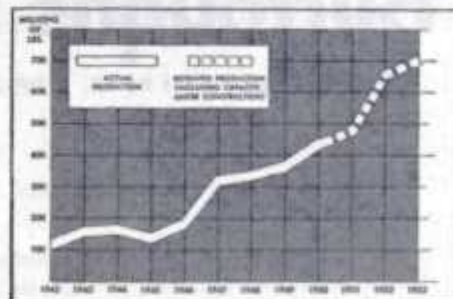
Reynolds is proud to announce the first new aluminum capacity actually completed and in production under the current expansion program... 50,000,000 lbs. a year additional now pouring from the new facilities at Jones Mills, Arkansas, and Troutdale, Oregon.

This first increase goes only a small way toward the rapid increase in demand. Military uses multiply as dramatically as civilian uses... planes, rocket tubes, pontoon bridges, PT boats, thousands of vital parts for tanks and trucks, miles of foil to protect food and medical supplies. But more aluminum is on the way. Construction proceeds apace on Reynolds

great new plant in San Patricio County, near Corpus Christi, Texas... to produce 150,000,000 lbs. a year, privately financed. And further new capacity is being built by other aluminum companies.

This is a symbol of action in a vital U. S. program designed to meet civilian as well as military needs. We all face the double job of fighting shortages and inflation while we fight aggression. Reynolds will continue to work at that double job full time, full speed.

Reynolds Metals Company, General Sales Office, Louisville 1, Ky. Executive Offices, Richmond 19, Va.



The expanding primary aluminum production of Reynolds Metals Company—a historic chapter in the company's 32 years of continuing growth.



REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

Today's new machine
for today's new problems!



The incomparable new **Burroughs Sensimatic**

ACCOUNTING MACHINE

SERIES 200

Big-machine speed and versatility . . . small-machine simplicity . . . medium-machine price!

That's one way to sum up the sensational new Burroughs Sensimatic with multiple registers. Watch its swift, automatically directed performance . . . see the completeness of its easy-to-learn, easy-to-use operational features . . . and you'll appreciate what the Sensimatic can do to step up productivity for your business.

And we're ready to show you. Call for a Sensimatic demonstration today . . . you'll find Burroughs in the yellow pages of your telephone book. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs



**Here's why the Sensimatic
can handle any accounting job!**

This control panel, or sense plate, directs every carriage movement, every mathematical function. Each panel controls four separate accounting operations—in any combination. Panels are instantly interchangeable . . . there's no limit to the number that can be used.

The Small Type in War Contracts

By EDWARD B. LOCKETT

THOUGH there is no black list, 300 people and firms are in bad with the Government. Most must blame themselves

settlement of differences of various sorts over settlement of old contracts.

Broadly, the debarments or suspensions are imposed for five classes of contract offenses: fraud or suspected fraud; violation of security or secrecy regulations; willful defaulting of contract; violation of the Walsh-Healy Act defining minimum labor standards and requirements for definition of bidders as "manufacturers" or "regular dealers"; violation of the Davis-Bacon Act stipulating labor standards for government construction projects.

Walsh-Healy and Davis-Bacon Act ineligibles are designated by the Labor Department and go on the lists independent of any action by the three armed services. Names of manufacturers and individuals

RECENTLY an ambitious young executive of a small Midwestern manufacturing concern complained bitterly to Defense procurement officers that his firm had been placed on a "black list," and was prevented unfairly from getting any government contracts. A Washington man claiming to be an "insider"—who actually didn't know what he was talking about—had given his so-called tip to the manufacturer. Investigation revealed quickly that the information was false.

This was not the first of such complaints from industry to the Defense Department. Some business concerns are barred from bidding for Defense business. Although the military services hate the term "black list," all three elements of Defense—Army, Navy and the Air Force—maintain lists of producers ineligible to bid on government contracts. These lists, however, are far from the star chamber documents which a few business houses apparently conceive them to be.

In the first place, the ineligible lists include only some 300 companies and individuals, an infinitesimal number compared with the hundreds of thousands of contracts outstanding. Moreover, only a small proportion of those on the lists face long-term debarment—usually three years. Many are temporary suspensions or blocked payments pending



on this portion of the lists are made public by law. Other classes of offenders on the ineligible lists are kept confidential by military regulations, until and unless the Justice Department files fraud charges.

No manufacturer gets on any portion of the ineligible lists through circumstances clearly beyond his control, although the Navy appears to be more severe with involuntary defaulters than the other two services. With practically no exceptions, offenses which make manufacturers ineligible to bid on government contracts are willful.

An important percentage of ineligibles gets on the lists, naturally enough, because of fraud or attempted fraud. Military regulations direct all three services to designate any firm or individual as ineligible if procurement officials suspect fraud. Whenever one service takes such action, the other two are notified immediately, and usually take parallel action.

THE fraud and suspected fraud cases constitute the most confidential portions of the ineligible lists, for obvious reasons. Manufacturers and individuals are not placed in this category carelessly. Army, Navy and Air Force procurement officials are well aware of competitive jealousies, and of disgruntlements which sometimes afflict manufacturers who bid for government business and fail to get it. A complaint alleging fraud may come from any source, but a complaint alone by no means places a firm or individual on the ineligible list.

When Army, Navy or the Air Force receive a fraud complaint, procurement officials immediately make an investigation. The contract in question is examined, the contractor's past performance is reviewed and, usually, sister service procurement people are asked for any information bearing on the contractor's past performance, competence and integrity. If the service involved finds grounds for a "reasonable suspicion of fraud," the Justice Department is notified, the contractor is placed on the list of ineligibles, and any government money due him is temporarily withheld.

The fraud listings, and other categories of ineligibles as well, not only name the company involved, but also include individuals concerned. This action protects Defense procurement officials against a trick frequently attempted—creation of a new company, under a new name, to mask the old ineligible listing and seek new government business.

Once on the ineligible list, a contractor remains in this unhappy status until the Justice Department determines whether to prosecute. Because the overall work load at Justice is heavy, this determination may take considerable time. Action withholding payment from a contractor, incidentally, is not limited to the fraud suspect cases, or even to other contractors listed as ineligible to bid. Unsatisfactory contract performance, re-negotiation proceedings, or requests from other departments such as RFC, Treasury, or the General Accounting Office, may tie up funds of a company which remains eligible to bid on new business.

Occasionally, a company on the ineligible list for default, violation of security, or fraud, has the only available facilities or know-how for production of an item the defense program needs badly. In such cases, after consultation with its own legal division and in fraud cases the Justice Department, the service concerned places its order, regardless of action previously lodged against the ineligible. Usually, in such a case, the contracting service requires from the company a statement that place-

ment of the new order does not condone any earlier offense.

Aside from the formalized lists of ineligibles, there is another group of government contract seekers who cannot get U. S. business—probably the most troublesome of all for the armed services. These include the numerous firms which go after contracts for products they obviously cannot produce. Frequently, companies in this category attain utter absurdity, like one outfit whose president wrote the Navy that his company had no equipment and no credit, but owned a vacant lot and could "make anything," including machine tools.

Unfortunately, nothing prevents unqualified concerns (as distinguished from ineligibles) from sending in bids on defense contracts. Consequently their vain struggles for business often waste the time of valuable procurement experts. In the case of all items requiring complex manufacturing operations, meticulous checks on equipment, competence and credit must be made before contracts are awarded. Unqualified bidders go on no specific lists. In these cases, it is a question of procurement officers knowing the production market.

Debarment and suspensions are not the only government actions which bring complaints from industry to the Defense Department. There have been protests over contract awards, complaints against what some business concerns termed unduly harsh treatment, and screams from smaller firms that the big fellows were getting all the gravy. The combination of rumor and misunderstandings has produced an actual wariness of bidding which defense program architects do not like to see.

IN THE final analysis, major difficulties which beset military procurement people, which have caused most of the troubles met by business attempting to deal with Government and, consequently, which have created the bidding shyness defense buyers so deplore, never reach the ineligible lists at all. They involve misunderstandings over contracts. All too often these misunderstandings result in serious losses to contractors, a supply failure for the military, or both. News of such mishaps naturally gets around the industrial world, and sometimes scares off firms which the Defense Department would like to have at work on arms contracts.

By no means all troubles over defense contracts can be laid at the door of business. Unquestionably, government departments buying at a \$3,000,000,000 a month rate make mistakes. Beyond doubt, defense contract red tape is difficult to understand and unwind—particularly so for smaller manufacturers unaccustomed to government work. Sometimes it seems apparent—at least to the bidders—that Government is unfair; and the fact that this unfairness is caused by the rigidity of law and contract provisions makes the injustice no less severe to the contracting firm.

Fairly recently, an eastern contractor, unable to get a specific type of nail stipulated for an item in his defense contract, got a government inspector's written approval to use a slightly different type of nail, because the item was badly needed for defense. Nevertheless, the contracting military service rejected the item involved, and withheld payment for a period which nearly drove the contracting firm to disaster. In the end, a contract amendment was written, permitting use of the substitute nail—but the contractor was penalized with a 25-cent price reduction on each

(Continued on page 70)

Letters written in pencil, the author learned, reflect the grass-roots thinking



How to Help Your CONGRESSMAN

By O. K. ARMSTRONG

Member of Congress from Missouri

YOU may not know it, but you belong to the nation's biggest lobby—the people back home

BACK in 1933, when I first entered the Missouri State Legislature, a veteran member, wise in the ways of the Ozark hills people he represented, said to me:

"Son, you'll get a lot of letters. Better read 'em all. And especially the ones writ with a pencil on tablet paper!"

Through several terms as a state representative, I learned the wisdom of that advice. The letters written on tablet paper, I discov-

ered, came from farmers, housewives, laborers—the people at the grass roots. Such folk don't know much about political theory, perhaps, but they do know what they want, and in the simple, direct language that is their own they express their opinions and make known their needs. Putting these letters together, along with statements made for or against specific bills, I got an accurate cross section of opinion in my district.

Now, as a freshman congressman, I find the rule still holds. My state assembly district covered only a part of my home town of Springfield, Mo., and the county, while my congressional district includes 11 counties. In the state legislature, we dealt with problems of education, roads, crime, social security, municipalities and other local matters. In Washington, the problems are national and international in scope. But the task is the same—to find out how each proposal will affect the individuals and families in the local communities. *For the sum total of those local communities is America.*

Americans in my part of the country write me and say:

"I think you ought to know how I feel about this matter," or "I want your help on this problem." "I voted for you, and now I need your advice." "Please send me full information. . . ."

Does a congressman read on and find out how a constituent feels about the matter, and what help and information he needs? I'll say he does! That is, if he expects to understand the tides and crosscurrents of opinion at home, and if he expects to earn his salt as a representative of his people.

I don't mean that a congressman can read every word of every letter. One hundred letters a day are not unusual when a specific proposal affects a local area one way or another, or when a great national issue strikes full blast.

The highly controversial subject of universal military training brought mountains of comment from the grass roots. During the hectic days after President Truman's dismissal of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, some members received as many as 1,000 telegrams, letters and phone calls a day. It would be physically impossible for one person to read all of them, to say nothing of doing anything else. But some member of his office staff will read each message, and inform the congressman of its content and significance.

I checked this matter with several veteran members of the House. The case of able and picturesque Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina, first elected in 1910, and now chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, is typical. Doughton receives an average of from 200 to 250 communications a day.

"You bet I read my mail," Doughton told me, with his genial

grin. "And I answer it, too. Maybe that's one reason I've been around here so long!"

Of course, the bulk of Dough-ton's mail deals with taxation, while that of Carl Vinson of Georgia, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, deals with national defense, and so on around the list of committee chairmen. Frances P. Bolton from Ohio has made a specialty of legislation in behalf of hospitals and health services. Her recent bill to provide federal funds for training nurses brings in about 60 letters daily from interested young women.

James E. Van Zandt of Pennsylvania, former commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, at one time topped the list of congressmen in volume of mail, due to the heavy correspondence from his comrades in this organization. He still averages around 125 letters a day from veterans alone, who contact him from all parts of the world. One veteran in Geneva, Switzerland, recently asked him about out-patient facilities in that part of Europe.

Contrast this state of affairs with the easy life of a congressman half a century ago, when many members found time to answer in longhand the half dozen or so letters a day, borrowing committee rooms for their office work!

No man or woman on Capitol Hill would want fewer messages from constituents, but it would help if these simple rules were followed:

Be explicit, with full names, addresses, serial numbers of veterans or those in the armed services. State the exact nature of the problem or request. It isn't necessary to threaten the congressman with defeat at the next election. And though it may sound inconsistent from a congressman—be brief!

Why are the folks back home more vocal in their advice, requests and demands than ever before? Why do they keep such close check on their congressmen? There are three reasons:

1. The people today are better informed on public questions than any previous generation.

Fifty years ago, more than half the population depended on a weekly newspaper for their news. Today, they have daily newspapers, the radio and magazines to keep them abreast of the latest developments at home and abroad. Many business and professional men and women attend civic clubs and organizations where they hear current problems discussed.

"My constituents know more

about what's going on than I do!" mourned one of my colleagues recently. "And why not? They've got time to read and listen to the radio—and I haven't!"

2. There's the enormous expansion in the work of Congress. I did a little research along this line and was astonished to learn:

At least half the legislation before Congress today deals with subjects *not even in existence four decades ago.*

Social Security, retirement benefits, air mail subsidies, federal-aid highways, federal power projects, displaced persons, occupation costs and the United Nations, to list a few. It's a far cry from the days of Andrew Jackson when the major interests of Congress were the sale of public lands and the fight over the Bank of the United States.

Many veterans in the present Congress remember when the sessions lasted only an average of nine months in the two-year term. Members spent the rest of the time at home, making speeches or attending to private business. Their mail dealt largely with free seeds,

postal matters and bills for the relief of constituents. George B. Galloway, legislative research expert in the Library of Congress, explains the heavier load this way:

"The tremendous increase in the contacts a congressman must maintain with his constituents began with World War I. A succession of crises in our national life, a severe depression, the recovery efforts, another world war and more crises, all imposed on Congress vast new responsibilities undreamed of in quieter days."

3. People have learned the value of teamwork in their communities, and when they want something done in Washington, they try out that teamwork on their congressman. Both within geographical areas, and in the like-minded groups spread out over the whole country, citizens are working together as never before.

It's the same in country or city. The most powerful organization in rural Missouri is the Missouri Farmers Association. A lot of people talked about governmental reform in my home state, but little came of it until the MFA appointed



In Jackson's day congressmen could answer their daily letters in longhand. But that's not the way it is today



a special committee to make a definite study. The committee came to the legislature with the facts and recommendations, and things began to happen—for the better.

I would not contend that all groups are unselfish and public-spirited in their requests. Many exist only to get something from the Government by organized pressure. The point is that whether good, bad or in between, organizations interested in legislation send in the largest class of mail dumped on the congressman's desk and their representatives form the largest number of personal visitors to his office.

"Write or see your congressman!" Any member among the 435 on the Hill will tell you that slogan really caught on.

That brings us to the question of legislative agents. "Lobbyist" has a sinister sound. It should not have, for lobbying is legitimate business, useful both to the congressman and his constituents.

I realize that there are many lobbyists in Washington, representing all sorts of interests, but I'd like to debunk the idea that

members of Congress are influenced easily by these gentry. As for pressurized stuff, after listening to the oratory of the House a member grows immune to all high-octane talk, from colleagues or lobbyists alike. He learns to shun the mercenary, the phony, the pleader for a cause for which the lobbyist would not work unless he was well paid.

"What's the most effective lobby known to Congress?" I put this question to Tom Murray of Tennessee, chairman of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee, of which I am a member. His answer was:

"The constituents back home!" Representative Murray pointed out what every member, whatever his party or length of service, well understands: The citizens and voters within his home district have first call on his time and services. It would be a rare secretary, indeed, who was not told: "Answer the constituents' letters first, and send me every constituent who enters the office."

I can assure you this is the normal functioning of our form of

government. Under our system of representation, each member has the primary duty to reflect the sentiments of the people in the communities of his district.

The right to lobby lies deep in the Constitution, where the Founding Fathers made it clear that the right to petition the Government must never be denied. The humblest citizen can be his own lobbyist. He can try to influence legislation by informing and pleading to his heart's content. When he becomes one of a group organized to lobby, his agent must be registered to give proper recognition to his activities.

"The legitimate lobbyist performs an important function," explains Rep. Chet Holifield of California. "Every group in American life today faces big problems in their relationship to the federal Government. It's easy to understand how this is true for veterans, pensioners, business and industry, professional men and women, labor unions and so on. Each group selects experts to organize facts and present them to Congress through reports, personal interviews and hearings. No congressman has the time to dig out such facts for himself. The group's agent does it for him, and thereby does all Congress a favor."

A lot of fine organizations would get better results if they entered the field of legitimate lobbying. Particularly is that true of those that would like to reverse the trend that has swept our nation toward steadily advancing centralization of government in the hands of the executive, corresponding loss of responsibility in states and local units, astronomical rise in federal expenditures, mounting public debt and increasing confiscation of private property and resources through taxation.

Suppose the taxpayers who foot the bills were organized down at the community level in each congressional district. Suppose their experts worked out a proposed budget, in advance of the official one, and laid it on the desks of the 435 representatives and 96 senators. Suppose their spokesman could say, "We represent the biggest bloc of votes in your state and district. In fact, every person in your area is a taxpayer, and our organization speaks for them. Here are our recommendations for saving money and reducing taxes."

That would get action! For no congressman would yield to the pressure of lobbyists for minority groups seeking heavier expendi-

(Continued on page 68)



THOSE HAY BURNING



THE big stables make the headlines, but a man with \$200 or so can have fun on the little harness tracks

ANDREW J. WALLEN, called "Ajay" by his friends, is a tanned, square-jawed, pipe-chewing man in his middle 40's who operates a chicken farm in Monmouth County, N. J., not far from Fort Monmouth. Hard-working and businesslike, he trucks eggs from his 3,000 white Leghorns over a northern New Jersey route that includes Newark and the Oranges. Nobody would take him to be a fellow who hangs around a race track.

But early any morning between March and November you'll find him patiently jogging a beautiful brown trotter named Miss Litedale, a three-year-old, around the Freehold Raceway track. Wallen hopes that he and Miss Litedale can knock down some county fair track records this year.

"Maybe next year she'll be good enough, and I'll be good enough, to go at a big track," he says.

Wallen is part of the tremendous ground swell that has been gathering behind harness horses ever since night racing, mobile starting gates and pari-mutuel betting pushed harness racing into the Big Money sports field. Once considered a slow-poke pastime, it has become America's fastest growing sport. In a decade its annual purses have climbed from less than \$1,000,000 to some \$8,000,000, nearly all of it coming from flossy pari-mutuel tracks just outside some 50-odd cities, ranging from Washington to Chicago and Santa Anita, Calif. The annual purse at Roosevelt Raceway at Westbury, L. I., alone

is more than \$1,000,000, making it the money capital of harness racing today.

This harness racing revival surpasses the "good old days." It has brought with it a new phenomenon: amateur owner-drivers like Wallen, who have one or two horses. Much like the farmers who some 50 years ago made trotting races a typical American scene, they are in it primarily for fun. From mid-July until late October, from Maine to California, thousands of these race-happy, horse-crazy Americans, wearing *their* colors, are crawling into precarious sulky seats and clucking their hay-burning hot rods into new records.

Consequently, for the past four months, just as the sun begins to show itself and the night's coolness can still be felt, the whitewashed stables at some 700 county fair sites across the country have been busy with horses and men. Clucking and sweet-talking, the men fuss with harness straps as they sidle their horses between sulky shafts, straighten their reins, settle themselves into the panlike seats above the bike wheels and start off at a walk for the half-mile track. At the track's edge the driver stops, tucks the trailing ends of his reins under his bottom and clucks his horse into a slow trot.

Soon the track is filled with horses, sulkies and men. Sometimes, keeping time with his horse's hoofs, a driver sings. But mostly he solemnly studies

Horse lovers are all ages. "Ajay" Wallen, top, sells eggs for a living and works trotters for fun. Joan Marten, only 14, is a Freehold Raceway hopeful



HOT RODS

By HARRY HENDERSON

PHOTOS BY EHRENBERG



how the hoofs hit the ground, whether the horse is slightly knock-kneed at high speed, the way he pulls on the bit.

By the standards of the Big Money tracks these county fair racers are just amateurs with no-account horses. Their winning times—about 2:10—are almost five seconds behind the winning times at the plush tracks. The purses are small, seldom more than \$400, which hardly can be compared with the \$1,000 per race at Roosevelt Raceway and the \$750 per race at Rosecroft, outside Washington.

"Why, they're still racing for blankets," say the startled big-time professional drivers like bulky Frank Safford who averages \$150,000 a year.

Nevertheless, these amateur-infested tracks have more flavor of the old-time trotting races than the Big Money tracks ever will. Three factors have created this new owner-driver group: age and weight make no difference in sulky racing, the horses are cheap, and there are plenty of county fair tracks.

One of America's most famous drivers is 63-year-old Henry Thomas, who frequently finds himself racing against his 30-year-old son, Dick. A man's weight, even when it tops 200 pounds, as in the case of Frank Safford, amounts to nearly zero for a moving horse when properly balanced above the sulky's wheels; to help reduce this weight, via the laws of physics, the racing sulky's shafts are made so short that the driver often rides sitting on the end of the horse's tail. But the clincher in bringing many men into this sport is the fact that a derelict but promising trotter can be picked up for as little as \$200.

However, the big come-on for nearly everyone is



Brass toe weights compel bigger steps

the fact that the owner actually can train and race his own horse. It is an irresistible idea for men in search of a hobby. Until recently anybody could get a driver's license from the United States Trotting Association for \$10. The complaints of professional drivers that the tracks were being flooded with amateurs who hardly knew which end of the horse went first recently resulted in a new minor proviso: you must also present an owner's statement that you drive his horses.

In harness racing the "young" driver is about 35 years old. The "old-timer" is in his 70's. Lindy Frazier, an old-timer, bought Dr. Stanton for \$400 converted him from a trotter to a pacer after studying his leg action, and then won close to \$150,000

in purses with him. Examples like this have encouraged hundreds of older men, especially retired men who were raised on farms and around horses, to try their hands at the game. These amateurs get their biggest satisfaction out of taking a horse that has been discarded by a big stable and retraining it to win.

The older man is a tough competitor in harness racing because the sport requires more wisdom and judgment than dash and daring. The horses run true to form. Consequently, the victor is often the man who has used more judgment than horse. This requires the patience of Job, a characteristic for which young men are not noted. It also takes time, lots of it.

"Ajay" Wallen has the kind of patience that is needed. He bought his first trotter 11 years ago, not long after he, city-bred and engineer-trained, began chicken farming. The reason: "Life is too short. You want to try everything. I saw the trotters in action and thought I'd like to try it."

His first horse, a mare named Jane Lite, "was a gift at \$300." The fact that he could supply hay from his farm "free—if you don't count my time" made it inexpensive. The ban on racing prevailed at Freehold through the war. During that time Wallen began to accumulate the kind of know-how that harness racing requires, jogging his mare endlessly around the Freehold track and listening to the solemn but offhand advice of older horsemen. This led him to have Jane Lite bred twice, giving him two fine young horses, Sir Liteup, a gelding, and Miss Litedale.


Because Sir Liteup "hasn't got all the stud out of him yet," Wallen has concentrated on training Miss Litedale, sitting behind her every morning as she jogs and trots, slowly increasing her speed. The sulky used for these morning workouts, known as a "jog cart," weighs slightly more than the 28-pound racing sulky, and has longer shafts. This permits Wallen to study, among other things, the way Miss Litedale puts down her feet and the amount of pressure needed on her mouth via the reins to "balance" her.

This "balance" is difficult to achieve because it is affected by everything from the harnessing and shoeing to the driver's hands. Both trotting and pacing are artificial gaits and all sorts of aid are often needed to keep the horse in the gait. The most obvious of these are the hobbles worn by pacers which guarantee that their legs, on alternate sides, will move forward together.

Another aid is a simple cue stick, attached to a light collar on the neck to keep the horse from tossing its head to one side, a habit that throws it off balance. Nearly all horses wear shadow rolls, huge pads of sheepskin, across their noses. These prevent them from seeing their moving shadows on the ground just ahead of them—which sometimes frightens them and causes them to "break"—that is, go out of gait and start running.

As in all horsemanship, the driver's hands remain the most important factor. Horses need a strong, steady pressure. This does not steer so much as hold the head up and help balance it so that the horse is freer and smoother in its leg action. It is not unusual for a driver to "hold up" a stumbling horse through tremendous pressure through the reins.

Luckily, Wallen has none of these problems. He calls Miss Litedale "a perfect lady," meaning that she has no bad habits or (Continued on page 80)



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So You Want a Share In U.S. Industry

By SAM SHULSKY

IF SOMEONE were to suggest that in buying a life insurance policy you were planning to beat the company in a get-rich-quick swindle, you would think it a tasteless bit of humor. No one but a potential suicide is thinking of beating the insurance company, and even he has to wait two years after he's bought his policy if he wants anyone to collect.

Beating the stock market, of course, carries with it no such macabre overtones. It's supposed to be a game. Perhaps that's why millions of dollars every year are being put into stocks selling anywhere from 25 cents to a dollar or two—stocks that haven't a chance in 1,000 of making good.

Or why hundreds of thousands of small, uninformed speculators keep trading in and out of the stock market in the hope they'll one day make a killing. They may not realize it, but trading costs being what they are, the small

in-and-out trader in stocks continually is putting up even money on ten-to-one and even 25-to-one long shots. Buying 50 shares of a \$20 stock, for example, he can make a fast \$25, net, IF the stock jumps all the way to \$21.50 a share. But he can lose \$55 if he quits and sells when the stock sinks only to \$19.87! In other words, he stands to lose twice as much on a $\frac{1}{8}$ th point dip as he can make on a $1\frac{1}{2}$ point rise.

Playing the market is a fool's game. It's time the average investor with surplus funds got around to the idea that trying to beat the stock market is suicidal.

By all the laws of averages, the stock market can and will beat you unless you follow an investment program designed to protect your money while it is working for you.

In this respect the analogy between insurance and stock market invest-



any day's a good day to buy a good stock -- IF you're investing, not gambling

ment is not so far-fetched as is commonly imagined. In this era of wide dollar fluctuations, the market remains the best medium for insuring the real value of your savings by keeping you abreast of rising prices as well as for insuring your share in the long-term growth of the national wealth. (A third truism, that average quality stocks today are affording a return three times the yield on savings accounts and more than twice that on government bonds is a minor point in this argument, albeit one not to be wholly disregarded.)

There is no perfect hedge against inflation. But stocks remain the best method we have for getting out of dollars and into things which go up in price as the value of the dollar goes down, because:

1. They are easily purchased and as readily sold;
2. Their price enjoys the wide base of national, and even international, demand;

3. Full data bearing on their value is available to all;

4. They require no management ability on the part of the owner; (when you buy General Electric stock, you get the management as well as the assets.)

5. They are just about the only medium in which \$50 can command the same quality of investment as \$50,000. (If you own one share of General Motors, or 1,000 shares, the quality of your investment is the same.)

Through good and bad times the stock market has proven its ability to help offset rising prices.

In 1929 prices were high. A basket of 31 pounds of the foods most generally used cost an average of \$3.68 that year. Assuming you had invested in one share each of the 30 favorite issues which go to make up the most commonly accepted stock market index, your investment that year would have ranged between a value of \$198 and \$381

and the dividends you received would have totaled \$12.75.

Now, by 1933, as everyone recalls, stock market prices were considerably lower. Your 1929 investment would now be down to a range of \$52 to \$108 and your dividends \$3.40. But the same food basket averaged only \$1.80.

In 1939 things were picking up. The food cost about \$2.25 but your investment was back to \$121-\$156 and your dividends up to \$6.11. Then inflation really took hold. Food prices mounted steadily. By 1946 the average price was \$5.30 a basket, but your investment was now worth an average of \$185 and yielding dividends of \$7.50; in 1948 food was up to \$6.80 but dividend income had jumped to \$11.50; in 1950 the food basket cost an average \$6.30 but dividends continued right on up to \$16.30. So far this year the ratio is holding about the same.

In other words, if you were depending on dividends from stock to cover your food budget you would find that whether the market was high or low, your investment was yielding you enough to keep in the race with the grocery bill.

Even so, accepting the dangers of inflation and the suitability of common stocks as a possible hedge, the average man with surplus funds is still left with two problems uppermost in his mind: What to buy and when to buy.

The first rarely is as important as the second, and never really as difficult to solve as the uninitiated make it out to be.

Complete records, going back for years, are available on all securities listed on the exchanges. Every brokerage house of any size can provide a customer with details on

How "Dollar Averaging" Works Out

HERE'S what would have happened to a man who began to use this simple formula back in 1929 to invest his surplus funds in General Motors:

YEAR	SHARES ACQUIRED	COST	TOTAL SHARES OWNED	TOTAL INVESTED	ANNUAL DIVIDEND
1929	8	\$480	8	\$ 480	\$ 28.80
1930	12	504	20	984	60.00
1931	14	518	34	1,502	102.00
1932	37	518	71	2,020	88.75
1933	22	484	93	2,504	116.25
1934	15	495	108	2,999	162.00
1935	12	480	120	3,479	270.00
1936	8	520	128	3,999	576.00
1937	10	500	138	4,499	517.50
1938	13	507	151	5,006	226.50
1939	11	506	162	5,512	405.00
1940	11	506	173	6,018	648.75
1941	13	494	186	6,512	697.50
1942	14	518	200	7,030	400.00
1943	10	500	210	7,530	420.00
1944	9	528	219	8,058	657.00
1945	7	490	226	8,548	678.00
1946	8	520	234	9,068	526.50
1947	9	528	243	9,596	729.00
1948	9	528	252	10,124	1,134.00
1949	8	488	260	10,612	2,080.00
1950	5	490	265	11,102	3,180.00



any industry in which he is interested and on any specific company in that industry—its record of management, earnings, dividend payments, stability and growth.

Also, there is no harm in copying the experts whose sole job it is to invest millions of dollars for investment trusts, universities and foundations. Their holdings are an open book—made public four times and even more every year, together with what they have bought and sold.

One need hardly apply for a license as an investment adviser to point out that if Gulf Oil, Du Pont, Texas Company, Westinghouse Electric, Kennecott Copper, Standard Oil of New Jersey, to name only a few, are owned by upward of 50 of these trusts, these securities may be considered attractive for normal investment purposes. In no other field is the advice of experts so easily obtainable.

And finally, for those who find it hard to make a decision between one company or industry and another there is always the mutual investment trust. In the past 25 years these huge "baskets" have received the surplus savings of millions of small investors and with these funds have, in turn, purchased the securities of hundreds of different companies.

Today, a man with \$1,000 in mutual fund shares really has an investment representing \$3.15 in Montgomery Ward, \$1.62 in the Santa Fe, 89 cents in Eastman Kodak, \$2.79 in Du Pont, and so on, as well as, perhaps, \$2.10 in government bonds and cash. Average return on his investment over the years has been about five per cent annually. And investments of as little as \$50 or \$100 are welcomed by even the largest of these trusts.

The question of when to buy, however, is a different matter. To pick Du Pont as a company with an important stake in the future is relatively easy. But to decide whether Du Pont stock is high or a bargain at 2:30 p.m. of any market day is another matter.

As this is written the stock market is suffering its second interruption in a 100-point advance that got under way in the summer of 1949 and carried it to heights untouched since 1930. Despite this current setback, the market remains high by historical standards. Savers who for years have watched the purchasing power of their bank accounts nibbled away by inflation now are convinced they need a hedge. But the questions which will not down are: But isn't the market high now? And is this the time to buy stocks?

Without advance knowledge of whether this market is going to plunge to below 1932's low, or soar past 1929's high, the answer to both questions is simply: yes.

The market is high. This is the time to buy stocks.

Any day's a good day to buy a good stock—IF your buying is based on a systematic formula designed not to beat the market, but to help you remove the "hazard of emotion" which tends to warp one's judgment.

There are scores of these formulas available for guidance in stock market investment. Practically all of them are geared to combat over-optimism in rising markets and overpessimism during declines. They waste no time trying to predict price fluctuations but, instead, seek to use these fluctuations to the investor's advantage.

These formulas run from the simple to the complex, but they can

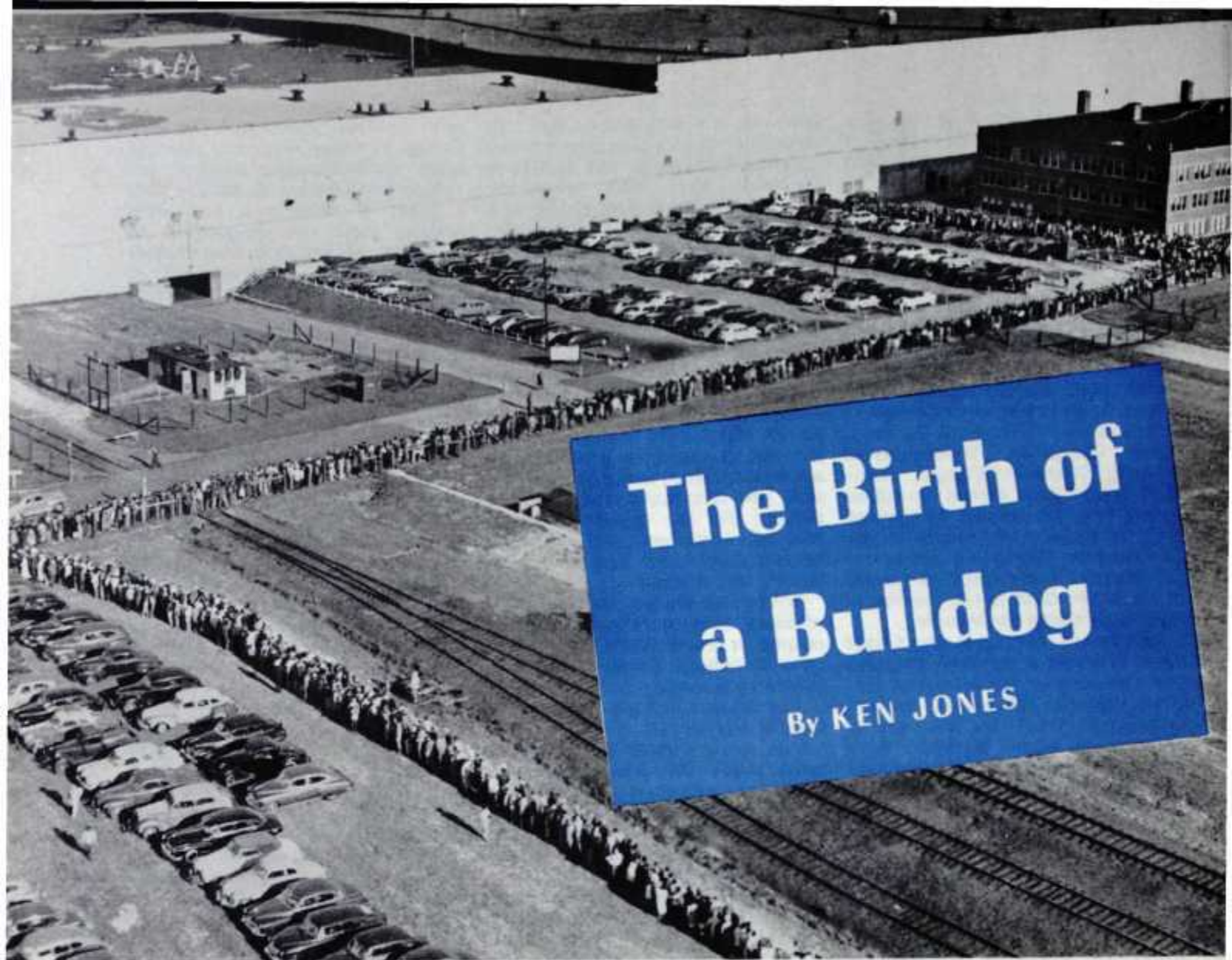
be varied to suit the need of almost any investor. Some can be employed by those who are starting from scratch, using surplus, investable funds of only \$200 to \$300 a year, or even less, and with neither time nor disposition to study the market. Others are better adapted to the management of substantial funds already in existence.

For the man who is embarking on stock ownership, or has become dissatisfied with his hit-and-miss purchases of the past, "dollar averaging" is perhaps the simplest formula for investing surplus funds. It provides that once you have decided what company's stock you are going to buy, you invest a fixed amount at specific intervals, regardless of the price per share and without thought of whether the market is high or low. When you have acquired as much stock as you think you ought to have in one company, you switch to another. Let's say you have \$500 a year to invest.

In 1929, when prices were high, you would have acquired only eight shares of General Motors for \$480 (assuming you paid the median price for the year). But the next year, when prices were beginning to slide into the depression you could have got 12 shares for \$504. In 1931 things were worse. Nobody—it seemed—was interested in making a killing in the market and stocks were going begging. But if you had stuck to your program you would have got 14 shares for \$518 and the next year—1932—the bot-

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The Birth of a Bulldog

By KEN JONES

When the plant opened 1,500 job seekers were expected. More than 8,000 turned up

ON A blustery Tuesday morning last March—three months ahead of an originally optimistic schedule—the first production model of the Army's newest tank, the T41-E1 "Walker Bulldog," lumbered off a sketchy assembly line at a huge tank plant in Cleveland. This was not a pilot model but a fighting vehicle. Army and plant officials were on hand to invest the occasion with suitable official dignity.

The fact that the tank appeared well ahead of schedule was only one of three substantial values inherent in the event. The other two:

The T41-E1, a light, fast, hard-hitting war machine, is the first and only major piece of new ordnance produced by the Defense Department since World War II. (There have been modifications and improvements in aircraft, for example.)

And production of the tank represents private industry's first

full cut at the rearmament ball, starting from scratch.

Significantly, it did not involve "conversion" in the sense that process was known in World War II. The huge plant is operated by the Cadillac automobile organization. The latter continued to function full throttle at Detroit.

Simultaneously, through the detachment and reassignment of key personnel, the sprawling government "dormant estate" plant at Cleveland was activated. Once it was tooled up and staffed, ready-for-combat vehicles emerged in considerably less time than they ever did in response to the greater urgencies of the last war. Perhaps doubly significant is the fact that Cadillac has established a tank-producing enterprise designed to function on a competitive basis for the next 20 years.

Information, notably revealing in the shape of things to come, is to be derived from examination of

the Cadillac performance record.

The raw requirements of tank production are primarily three: An organization, a plant and machine tools. In the initial phases of the production program the Army Ordnance Department screened more than 100 organizations nationally, and found among them 16 suitable for tank production on reliable schedules and in desired quantities. The Army describes this part of its program as "aggressive mobilization planning." The final award of a \$500,000,000 contract to Cadillac was a consequence of both close-up and long-range planning.

During World War II, Cadillac produced the M-24, which was the parent vehicle from which were developed a whole family of howitzers, tanks, tank recovery vehicles, and personnel carriers. The "Walker Bulldog" is a new vehicle of this same weight family designed by Ordnance engineers



The T41-E1 represents private industry's initial cut at the rearmament ball, starting from scratch

since 1945. Cadillac's familiarity with the engineering problems peculiar to this family of vehicles dictated the assignment which resulted in the first T41-E1.

Once the Defense Department had let the contract—and one involving production of a twin 40 mm antiaircraft vehicle—it was up to Cadillac and General Motors to carry on. In the subsequent search for space, plants were inspected at East St. Louis, Ill., in New Jersey, and elsewhere. The search ended in Cleveland because of one dominant fact. It was handy to suppliers.

Initial studies envisioned the need of between 2,400 and 3,000 suppliers. When the first tank rolled off the line, however, it represented a shade less than 2,000 suppliers through the prime contractor. Of this total, 1,600 are small businesses with fewer than 500 employees each. Fifty-six per cent are in the greater Cleveland area; 10.5 per cent elsewhere in the

THE production story behind the first and only major piece of new ordnance produced since the second world war

state; 33.5 per cent are scattered in more than 20 states—California, Oklahoma, Iowa, Michigan, Texas, Illinois, Indiana, West Virginia, Florida, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Minnesota, New York, Maryland, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

In terms of immediate production, Cadillac's suppliers have made possible the achievement of a record—fabrication of a tank in a shade less than seven months, as against 12, which was the average comparable performance in World War II days. Even so, the Ordnance

Department remains optimistic for its plans to compartment the country industrially, as far as possible, into five self-sustaining areas, each designed to carry on independently in the event of loss of any or all of the others.

Such a program, if achievable, would close up the Cadillac supplier pattern considerably and impart additional stability, economy and efficiency to the armament-production program as well as promise a higher degree of production integrity.

The Cadillac management took over the Cleveland plant Aug. 15, 1950. At that time it was serving

as Schlegel Air Force Base and Air Force personnel were living, cooking, eating, sleeping, working and playing in odd areas and corners of the sprawling installation.

Part of the plant also had been leased by the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation to National Terminals, and some of the buildings were piled high with beans, typewriters, mattresses and other oddments of food and civilian equipment.

The plant itself, comprising a manufacturing building, an administrative building, and two hangars, was built during World War II as a bomber plant. The total roofed-over space is 2,065,606 square feet, of which 1,258,218 constitute the main manufacturing facility—the largest roofed-over, one-floor spread reportedly in existence.

"The whole thing," recalls Assistant General Superintendent H. G. Warner, "was rapidly falling into obsolescence. Physical maintenance had been at a minimum; the roof leaked—it was a mess!"

This situation was corrected, however, and in record time. The Air Force evacuated the premises and the beans and mattresses vanished. Roof and floors were repaired, and some new basic equipment was installed.

This included a 24-inch water main, which was run two miles to provide adequate water supply; a secondary power substation boost-

ing original capacity by about 40 per cent; a huge step up of the air compressor capacity; a 600-line dial telephone system replacing the 30-trunk installation initially in operation; erection of 8,000 feet of security fencing; and installation of a new waste disposal system.

Concurrently with this work of rehabilitation, a 1.2-mile test track was constructed within the plant enclosure and, at a distance of about 25 miles—on Route 303 between West Richfield and Hinckley—proving grounds for tanks were laid out providing a man-made lake and miles of severe cross-country terrain replete with grades, switchbacks, deep ravines, dense underbrush and a rough straightaway.

As has happened with other and less complex enterprises, disaster threatened Cadillac's Cleveland operation unexpectedly, and at the moment when hard-working administrators and engineers were congratulating themselves on mastering all major crises, and looking forward to smooth sailing ahead. The picture behind was one from which any large industrial organization might have drawn satisfaction: Rehabilitation of the huge plant had been assigned by Cadillac to the Duffy Construction Corporation of Cleveland and others.

Almost foot by foot, as renovated space became available, the Cadil-

lac staffs took over. Typewriters, desks, filing cabinets and similar equipment arrived and were set up in an endless chain on almost an hourly schedule, and frequently had to be moved a half a dozen times before achieving a permanent location.

The Dearborn Machinery Movers of Dearborn, Mich., specialists in machine installation, had 1,000 of their own workmen in the plant simultaneously with the Duffy crews, swinging 40- and 50-ton machine tools two stories high with special lifting equipment. In the middle of this confusion the Cadillac workers, crawling over each other at times and at others chasing files or memoranda from one end of the huge plant to the other, managed to keep the job moving.

As machine tools were installed and hooked up to power, workmen stepped up and put them into production. And then came Friday, Nov. 25....

In the early afternoon about 2,000 workers completed their shift and started for Cleveland, 14 miles away, through snow flurries. When the 87 maintenance engineers and plant police took over on the 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. shift, it was to be the longest any of them ever worked, because it lasted until the following Tuesday—four days and nights!

The snowstorm which started that afternoon proved the worst Cleveland had known in 30 years. Transit facilities died; highway traffic was smothered into frozen immobility; the 87 tank-plant workers were as effectively isolated as if they had been at Little America. Dwindling oil supplies made it necessary for plant engineers to cut heating to a minimum and despite 100 or so space heaters, the plant soon grew bitterly cold.

Representing authority, the plant police broke into the cafeteria refrigerators, where they found 36 dozen eggs and other odd items of food. Three former Navy cooks turned up among the marooned workmen, and exercised their talents on the raw material at hand.

When this provided substance but little variety, one worker had the bright idea of calling his grandmother for a recipe which would fit available ingredients. The scheme worked, but not without the culinary version of a bucket brigade: There were no telephones in the kitchen. Granny would give instructions over the wire; a runner would pass them on to the cooks, who would carry out in-

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A critical shortage of welders capable of working on the new tank necessitated the establishment of plant technical training programs

OFF-THE-JOB INSURANCE: Boon or Menace?

By ROBERT W. MARKS

FOUR states now have disability benefit bills. Their experiences yield some clues as to cost and effect



A NEW kind of social insurance, off-the-job disability insurance, is now looming as an issue to the business man and taxpayer. It already has been written into law in Rhode Island, California, New Jersey and New York. Disability benefit bills are pending in ten other states—and many business authorities think this is just the beginning.

These states are: Arizona, Connecticut, Indiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nevada, West Virginia, New Mexico and Ohio.

Perhaps a straw in the wind is the fact that three states considering disability insurance legislation

voted no within the past 12 months. The State of Washington Legislature passed a law (subject to popular ratification) similar to California's in 1950, only to have it defeated by referendum in November of the same year.

Of two bills pending in West Virginia, one providing for compensating state fund and private insurance, the other for all private insurance, the former

was defeated in February of this year. A bill pending in Wisconsin was "indefinitely postponed."

Disability benefit legislation—both existing and pending—is compulsory insurance to compensate employees over a given period for injuries or illnesses that may occur off-the-job, no matter what the cause. Disability insurance is not a substitute for ordinary Workmen's Compensation. In some cases disability benefits may be paid in addition to Workmen's Compensation payments.

What the new programs will cost, and what effect they will have on the general business picture, is still undetermined. But some hint of the general over-all effect can be gained from the four states that have adopted this form of insurance.

During its first operating year, Rhode Island's state monopoly insurance fund, affecting about 231,000 workers (or approximately 30 per cent of the state's population), received \$4,624,000 in tax money—and disbursed in benefits the entire amount plus an additional \$500,000 borrowed from the state's treasury. In its initial three-year period, it ran up a deficit of approximately \$1,500,000. Figures are not yet available for the New York plan, which only began payments in July, 1950, and which splits costs between workers and employers in regular commercial insurance policies. Estimates indicate, however, that premiums to cover the required insurance for the 6,000,000 workers (and 175,000 employers) in the state will be between \$80,000,000 and \$100,000,000 a year.

The idea of off-the-job sickness and disability insurance is not new. Australia, New Zealand and most European countries enacted disability benefits legislation long before World War I. The United States was a late-comer in this field of social legislation.

In 1942, as the aftermath of an unusual case in which a woman fell and fractured her leg ten minutes after applying for unemployment insurance, the "Cash Sickness Compensation Act" was passed by the Rhode Island Legislature in record time. As a bill providing for disability insurance through a monopolistic state agency, it was introduced in the Democratic

House of Representatives, passed by the Republican Senate, and signed by Gov. J. Howard McGrath—all within a space of two months.

In 1946, California instituted disability insurance legislation, but made a clear break with the tradition of state monopoly by stipulating a so-called "contracting



Three states voted no



Deficit in Rhode Island

out" provision. This permitted competition between a state-fund plan and privately contracted insurance through regular insurance channels. The state-administered insurance was an automatic requirement unless private coverage was arranged for by the employer, or by the employees with the employer's approval.

Under both the Rhode Island and California plans, the employee carries the full cost of the insurance: one per cent of the first \$3,000 of annual wages.

Compulsory benefits, in both cases, are a minimum of \$10 and a maximum of \$25 per week for the period of disability—with 26 weeks as the maximum period over which benefits are to be paid in any single year. California allows an additional \$8 per day (for up to 12 days) where hospitalization is required. The Rhode Island law includes maternity benefits.

In 1949 New Jersey put a plan into operation which was for the most part similar to California's, with the exception that the costs were divided between employer and employee—the employer paying one fourth of one per cent of the first \$3,000 of annual wages, and the employee the remaining three fourths of one per cent (where the state plan was selected). The employer pays an equivalent percentage, if necessary, should an alternate private insurance plan be selected.

The fourth and last state to date to adopt disability benefit insurance was New York. Its plan differs from all of its predecessors in that it is privately administered through commercial insurance channels and in no way competes with private enterprise.

"Here in New York State," said Miss Mary H. Donlon, chairman of the New York Workmen's Compensation Board, and guiding spirit of the new legislation, "workmen's insurance is provided through private insurance. . . . It has been the genius of the American people that we can regulate where regulation seems advisable, without destroying or socializing what we regulate. New York has given encouragement to those who hold that the political skills to regulate without socializing are still available."

The New York law was drafted by representatives of private insurance companies, labor unions, and the Workman's Compensation Board, acting together. It was designed to provide the protection without setting the state in competition with private business. Employers and employees share in the costs of the program and in administration of the law.

Wide latitude is given management and labor to work out mutually acceptable programs. A system of program credits has been set up resembling the one used in an average college where a given number of points are re-

quired for graduation, although they can be earned in a variety of ways.

Employers may subscribe for insurance with any of several private insurance carriers. Toward the cost of this the employee pays one half of one per cent of the first \$60 of each week's wages, that is, 30 cents or less. The remainder is paid by the employer. Compulsory weekly benefits based on one half of the worker's weekly wage are at least \$10 and a maximum of \$26 for a period not to exceed 13 weeks. If hospitalization or any other private plans are included in the program, adjustments are made in the over-all requirements.

In general, the New York plan has had a favorable reception from industry. "The new law offers nobody a handout," is the opinion of Thomas Jefferson Miley, executive vice president of the Commerce and Industry Association of New York, "nor does it cost the taxpayers of the state a single cent. It is the first significant piece of legislation to break the long chain of tax-supported social programs begun back in the 'thirties.'"

Nevertheless, full endorsement of disability insurance in New York, as in Rhode Island, California and New Jersey, has not been forthcoming from either labor or management circles. Many labor and progressive groups hold that the present legislation does not go far enough; some management groups hold that it goes too far.

The New York law is "costly, inadequate, discriminatory and confusing," according to Lazaar

Henkin, chairman of the Committee on Social Legislation of the National Lawyers Guild, who actively opposed the legislation. A state fund could administer the insurance at a considerably lower cost, he maintained, and without confusion or unfairness. "The present law is an administrative monstrosity. Instead of a single statewide system, we have as many systems



The lame-back session

as there are insurance carriers, self-insurers, collective bargaining plans, private plans, and what nots."

A spokesman for the other camp is A. D. Marshall, assistant secretary of General Electric Company. Marshall is opposed to all types of state legislated disability insurance. "The real need," he holds, "is not protection against the costs of short-term illnesses, which may well be classified as part of the normal running expenses of any individual or family, but rather the long-term catastrophic illnesses which can wreck an entire lifetime. Needs of this nature should be met through a voluntary approach and not be made effective on a compulsory basis through legislation."

A middle view is taken by sober labor relations officials. Commenting on Marshall's statement, an executive on the New York Workman's Compensation Board said, "What is most important is to develop efficient, realistic labor-management relations in industry. We have to deal with things as they are—not as they should be. And the plain fact is that, before disability insurance legislation was passed, a tragically large percentage of ill or disabled workers found themselves in a helpless position. They weighted down the relief rolls. Hardships were forced on their

(Continued on page 68)



Premium for sickness

hospitalization is required. The Rhode Island law includes maternity benefits.

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The lame-back session

as there are insurance carriers, self-insurers, collective bargaining plans, private plans, and what nots."

A spokesman for the other camp is A. D. Marshall, assistant secretary of General Electric Company. Marshall is opposed to all types of state legislated disability insurance. "The real need," he holds, "is not protection against the costs of short-term illnesses, which may well be classified as part of the normal running expenses of any individual or family, but rather the long-term catastrophic illnesses which can wreck an entire lifetime. Needs of this nature should be met through a voluntary approach and not be made effective on a compulsory basis through legislation."

A middle view is taken by sober labor relations officials. Commenting on Marshall's statement, an executive on the New York Workman's Compensation Board said, "What is most important is to develop efficient, realistic labor-management relations in industry. We have to deal with things as they are—not as they should be. And the plain fact is that, before disability insurance legislation was passed, a tragically large percentage of ill or disabled workers found themselves in a helpless position. They weighted down the relief rolls. Hardships were forced on their

(Continued on page 68)



New York plan different

LOOK OUT FOR THESE DANGERS

THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN!

FEELING TIRED, LISTLESS, OUT OF SORTS? SEE YOUR DOCTOR!

MEN OVER 40

ETAOIN SHRLDU XYZ!?

ER KILLS ONE OUT OF EIGHT!

DO YOU LIVE IN SILENT FEAR?

By GREER WILLIAMS

PERHAPS you have heard of the hypochondriac who ran into a friend one morning on his way to work. "How are you?" said the friend. "Worried to death," said the hypochondriac apprehensively.

"Why, what's wrong now?" asked the enduring friend.

"That's what worries me," was the reply. "I haven't felt so good in years."

We all know the type. They always seem to be having trouble in one place or another—their stomach, kidneys, eyes, bowels, joints, nerves, liver or their head. They don't mind telling you they are sick men. They collect ailments and doctors to match.

No one can say how many, but

close observation of ourselves and our acquaintances reveals that countless outwardly strong, cheerful individuals live in dread of one ill or another. They rarely discuss such matters with their close friends, except perhaps jokingly, but sometimes they will tell a stranger about them.

One time in a dining car I sat down by a man who appeared to be a pro football player or maybe a wrestler. He was a salesman, however, and soon was telling me how he'd wake up in the night, tense, sweating, his heart pounding. He feared a bad heart, but his doctor hadn't found anything wrong.

When you come home from the day's work a little whipped and un-

certain of your future, bed may be less of a sweet dreamland than a lonely place where you let your guard down. There was the case of a friend of mine, an executive of much daring and conflicting responsibilities, who a few years ago developed a fear that he would choke to death some night from a minor throat ailment.

His fear showed itself to others only in his frequent, flippant remark, "Before I die, I want to—" Once, in the middle of the night, he got up and wrote his will. Yet he is still one of the liveliest, most interesting persons I know.

The number of men is surprising who say they won't travel by air

(Continued on page 74)

One of the BOYS



By ROBERT ZACKS

IT WAS the ten-minute rest period at three o'clock and the rows of desks in the clerical section of Andrews and Company were deserted, except for the one belonging to Mr. Briggs. A slightly rotund, middle-aged man, Mr. Briggs sat slumped in his swivel chair, wistfully staring at the congenial group of office workers chatting around the water cooler.

There was a look of quiet, desperate yearning on his face, and of helplessness, too. Through no fault of his own, Mr. Briggs was in a fair way to lose his job, and it was a nice, comparatively new job that he was anxious to keep. Thinking along these lines caused him to look worriedly toward the holy inner sanctum of Mr. Andrews' office. He stiffened.

Mr. Andrews, small, bald and tough, was watching the tableau silently from the door of his office. Sweat came out on Mr. Briggs' forehead as Mr. Andrews crooked a commanding finger toward him and vanished into his office.

Slowly Mr. Briggs followed him inside.

"Close the door, Briggs," said Mr. Andrews as he settled himself behind his imposing desk. As the door swung shut, Mr. Andrews nodded him into a chair.

"Cigar?" offered Mr. Andrews, flipping a box open and taking one himself.

"No thank you, sir," said Mr. Briggs. "I don't smoke."

It was the wrong thing to say and he winced as Mr. Andrews lit the cigar and stared thoughtfully at him.

"How're you getting along, Briggs? Like it here?" asked Mr. Andrews in a somber voice. Briggs nodded wordlessly, gulping. "How long you been with us now? Almost a year, isn't it?" continued Mr. Andrews, emitting huge puffs of angry blue smoke.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Andrews held the cigar in his right hand and pointed it at Briggs. "What the devil," he said, "happened with that Holloway deal?"

Briggs opened his mouth to answer and Mr. Andrews kept talking. "Now don't tell me that you can't get them *all*. This one looked good. Our textbook is a fine job, a pip..."

"It is indeed," cut in Mr. Briggs unhappily. "I..."

"I figured when I brought you to this firm," continued Andrews, "that giving a college professor this job was smart thinking on my part. Now I'm not so sure. Oh, you've been earning fair money,

sure. But any salesman on our staff is doing better. I've had patience because the jump from teaching to selling takes some adjustment. But this Holloway fiasco is something that needs explaining, doesn't it?"

This last was shot at Mr. Briggs with explosive force. His face was flushed. "I suppose so."

"Well, go ahead," prodded Mr. Andrews, "explain. I turned Holloway over to you because I wanted him to be impressed. It was in the bag. You messed it up somehow. What happened?"

Mr. Briggs cleared his throat, wincing as he remembered. In a low voice he told Mr. Andrews about it.

THEY'D been at dinner in a restaurant.

Mr. Briggs had listened with uneasiness and astonishment as Holloway launched into a discussion of baseball. Holloway had quoted statistics, batting averages, no-hit games until Mr. Briggs' head had whirled.

Slowly Holloway had become aware that Mr. Briggs wasn't contributing to the discussion, just nodding anxiously once in a while. And Mr. Briggs had realized that, as a man who knew nothing of sports and cared even less, he was in a difficult position with a baseball fan.

"That Dick Sisler of the Phils," said Holloway. "The way he won the pennant for them last year with that homer in the very last game."

"Lord, there's drama for you."

He paused for breath and stared at Briggs a little doubtfully.

Hurriedly Mr. Briggs searched his scholarly and retentive mind for some name in baseball he'd heard of or seen.

"Well," said Mr. Briggs, "personally I like Frank Shields."

"Shields?" said Holloway, staring.

"The . . . pitcher," said Briggs nervously. "I hear they may switch him to . . . er . . . another position."

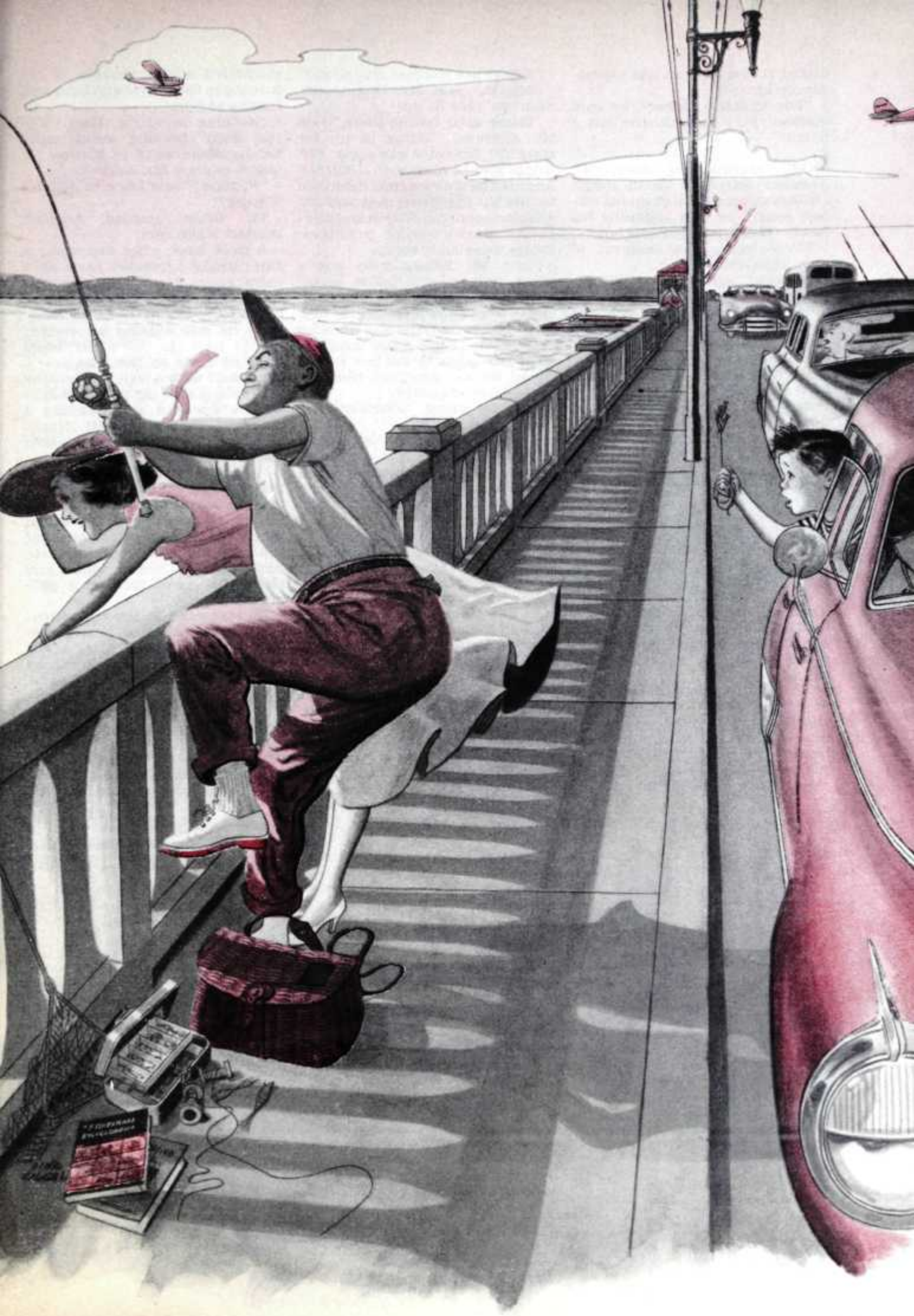
"Frank Shields," retorted Holloway, "is a tennis player."

"This . . . this is another Frank Shields," stuttered Mr. Briggs.

"What team?" demanded Holloway. "Thought I knew all the players."

"The . . . the Chicago Bears," said Mr. Briggs. Mr. Holloway had

There was a savage jerking of the pole in Mr. Briggs' hand . . . it bent and seesawed wildly



looked at him with an odd expression on his face.

"The Chicago Bears," he said quietly, "play football, the last I heard."

Now, hearing the story, Mr. Andrews uttered a small moan. "Holloway used to pitch on his college team," he said clutching his head. "He's a real baseball fan."

There was a long moment of anguished silence.

"Briggs," brooded Mr. Andrews, "I've begun to notice you don't mix much with the staff. You seem like a nice fellow, and we've got a nice bunch of men working here. Don't you like them? Is that it?"

Mr. Andrews was hot on the trail of the trouble and Briggs had the feeling of a man sliding helplessly down an icy incline. Desperately trying to shield himself Mr. Briggs could only reply, "I like them a lot, sir. It's just that I'm a little worried about my . . . well . . . my wife Lucy. She's been ill off and on all during the winter and she's been looking forward to my vacation. It's next week you know and . . ."

"Vacation, eh?" Mr. Andrews said frowning.

A chill skipped down Mr. Briggs' spine. He had an odd feeling that the fact of a vacation had given Mr. Andrews pause, that otherwise he would be getting some very bad news.

Mr. Andrews looked both annoyed and uncomfortable. With a visible effort he smoothed his face into a look of patience and forbearance. "Well, maybe that's what you need," he growled.

He paused, thoughtfully.

"Where are you planning to go?"

"Miami," said Mr. Briggs. Mr. Andrews' face lit up.

"Damn good fishing there," said Mr. Andrews. "Going to try for marlin?" His voice was eager. Mr. Briggs opened his mouth to tell Mr. Andrews he'd never gone fishing in his life but the phone rang and Mr. Andrews soon was deep in an emergency warehousing problem. Briggs was glad to escape.

Lucy, Mr. Briggs' wife, was a sweet woman with large brown eyes. She was a true companion and as such knew immediately how troubled her husband was when he came home. After a hot meal she waited for him to tell her everything. He was reluctant, however, to spoil their vacation.

"What's wrong, Charles?" she finally asked.

He opened his mouth to tell her. To tell her, "Lucy, I'm a kind of caricature in this business world. An odd type. I don't belong. The brutality of boxing irritates me. Gambling on horses seems foolish to me and anyway we can't afford it. I'm not getting along, Lucy. I may be fired. You see, I can't talk to these people. I don't mix. I . . ."

But he knew she would try to buck him up and the thought that she had to shamed him. She'd say, "Pretend an interest. In baseball, say . . ."

But it would be impossible to explain you couldn't pretend such things. Those men he worked with, sold to, were fans. You couldn't fool them. And Lucy would become frightened. What would become of them? He'd left his teacher's job because of the low salary. He

shuddered at the thought of returning to the university. Lucy was staring at him.

"Nothing is wrong, Lucy. I've just been thinking about going fishing while we're in Florida. It might impress Mr. Andrews."

"Fishing?" said Lucy, in delight. "Really?"

Mr. Briggs nodded. Another shudder shook him.

A week later, after depositing a surprisingly agreeable Lucy at a hairdressers, Mr. Briggs nervously walked through Florida sunshine toward the MacArthur Causeway. Soon he was walking on wooden planks past the \$60-a-day boats until he came to the *Skipjack*, a large boat with a sign announcing reef fishing at \$3 per person. A man with a fine tan was cleaning a mackerel. He smiled at Mr. Briggs.

"How far out do you go?" asked Mr. Briggs, nervously.

"A few miles," said the man. The man reached out to help Mr. Briggs into the boat. As soon as Mr. Briggs was in, a sickening vertigo seized him. The imperceptible sway of the boat was enough to nauseate him. He clutched a chair and closed his eyes, turning a pale green.

He staggered to the rail. Without a word the man helped him back onto the dock. After a few deep gulps of air Mr. Briggs turned a shamed look on the man.

"I guess I'd better forget the idea. I'd just get seasick," he said.

The man looked amused and sympathetic. "Why don't you fish off the causeway?" he asked.

"Do they catch anything?" asked
(Continued on page 76)

Holloway, like everybody else who had heard the story, broke into laughter



VIBRATOR MEN, who smooth out the concrete, know to the split second when it is time to get out



Danger, excitement and plain hard work are daily companions of ...

The **MEN** Who Build the Dam

By **BOOTON HERNDON**

THE BIGGEST things that man builds today are those mammoth concrete structures that cause flood-swollen rivers to back up and form quiet lakes. Dam building is so big, so complex, encompassing so many different operations, that it's over the head of even many experienced construction men.

Take Bull Shoals dam, the flood-control hydroelectric project on the White River in Arkansas. It's not the biggest concrete dam in the world—there are four or five bigger—but still, if you were a giant playing with blocks the size of the Washington Monument, you'd have to lay four of them end to end to get started on Bull Shoals. The dam contains 2,100,000 cubic yards of concrete, and cost \$78,000,000.

Nine contracting companies got together to form Ozark Dam Constructors. Harvey Slocum, the man who built Grand Coulee, in Washington, and rated the top man in the field, was hired as general superintendent.

Before he even thought of the dam, however, Slocum had to build a railroad, a road net, and a highway bridge. Hewitt-Robins, Inc., built a seven-mile long belt conveyer to haul rock. An ice plant to cool the rock, a switchboard, a 200-foot steel trestle a half-mile long—any of these operations a big

project in itself—became minor ones in the construction of Bull Shoals.

However, when any work is reduced to the lowest common denominator, it is the man on the job who is most important in the over-all picture. One man, working with others as a team, is responsible for construction of such giant projects as the earlier mentioned Grand Coulee and now the Bull Shoals dam. Four eight-man teams, each headed by a foreman, stand out in the building of these structures.

To show how such a team operates we have chosen one headed by Robert Oels, a 22-year-old Arkansas farmer's son. This team is one of four engaged in dumping and spreading the concrete as the dam rises foot by foot.

To learn how a concrete crew goes about its job, we start at a shack far below the dam, where a safety helmet is slapped on our head. We climb a twisting road to the trestle, walk a quarter-mile, halfway across the dam, and then take a gang-plank-like runway to a curving ladder on the bulging downstream side. We're now on the top of the dam.

The dam is built in sections, 47 in all. Each section—the technical name is monolith—is merely a form



BULL SHOALS DAM on the White River in Arkansas is built in 47 sections, contains some 2,000,000 cubic yards of concrete

in which concrete is poured, and some sections are in a more advanced stage than others. This one we're on now is a full two-story house above the next one.

Oels' crew is lounging around, waiting for the concrete to arrive from below. One of the men is slender, trim, and his face, in contrast to the other stubble chins around him is clean-shaven. He walks over to us and introduces himself. This is Oels.

As we wait for the concrete, Oels tells us how a dam is built.

Bull Shoals, under supervision of the U. S. Army Engineers, must be built according to military rules. Concrete can be poured only to a thickness of five feet at a time, for instance, and must set and harden for five days before receiving another layer. After its five days' rest, it is sand-blasted as clean as your wife's kitchen floor on the day your mother comes to visit.

Then "grout"—pure cement, sand and water—is spread two inches thick over the entire surface as a binder. After that comes any one of a number of concrete mixes. The most common is composed of big chunks of rock, sand, and two and a half bags of cement to a yard of concrete. Construction men refer to all concrete as "mud." This common type, to them, is "plain mud." On facings, or where greater strength is needed, a stronger concrete containing smaller rock and more cement is used. Practically every pour calls for at least two grades of concrete, plus grout.

To pour and spread this stuff evenly, Oels' eight-man team must perform three separate jobs. First is to dump the concrete in the exact spot. One man takes care of that job. Next is to spread the stuff with machines called vibrators and six men are assigned to that—two men to a vibrator. That leaves the carpenter, who works with blueprints and the wooden forms.

In addition to the eight men on his team, Oels works closely with two more—a government engineer, and the talker. "Come on," he says, "I'll introduce you to everybody."

First we meet C. K. "Peaches" Smith, the talker. Peaches wears a headset over his helmet, and one ear seems to be covered by a great earmuff. He has



CARPENTER on Robert Oels' eight-man team, Earl Hicks, works with blueprints and wooden forms

a microphone on his chest. He points up, and when we look up we see a hammerhead crane. This crane is as long as a football field. Although we look up at it, its base is below us, on the trestle that parallels the dam on the downstream side. The operator is in a cage which hangs in the center, far beneath us. Peaches is his eyes.

"Where am I?" Peaches shouts into the mike, and then whips off the earphones and slaps them against your ear. Faintly, as from miles away, comes the operator's petulant response:

"Peaches, how do ah know wheah you are?"

Now here's Bill Cox. He's a quiet-spoken, tobacco-chewing farmer with a stubble of gray beard, and has the most dangerous, the most difficult, job on the team. He's the "bucket buster." Cox carries a rubber hose, wrist thick and some 30 feet long, attached to the compressed air pipe. We'll see why, in a minute.

Next is Earl Hicks, the carpenter. Earl, incidentally, gets \$1.75 an hour. Oels gets \$1.25.

Now here are the six vibrator men. Big Dave Cockrum, who weighs close to 300 pounds and who used to work a mile down in a mine, teams up with Luther Sloan, a grinning redhead called Bozo. Ray Ceal, a rambling construction man from Texas, teams up with Cecil Dewey, just 18 years old and glad to be off the farm. H. B. Poal, a carpenter just filling in this week, works with Bill Thrasher, a lean, impudent youth who constantly picks on Big Dave.

Now the grout, or binder mixture, has been poured and spread with long-handled brooms, and our particular team is ready to start pouring concrete. We're going to begin with "plain mud." H. L. Edwards, the engineer assigned to the team today, has ordered it from the mixing plant by field telephone, and all we have to do is wait.

A donkey engine will deliver it in huge buckets. The crane operator will pick it up, a bucket at a time, and tell Peaches over the intercom to watch out for it. We don't know a thing until, suddenly, we hear—

"Headache!" yells Peaches, "Headache!" It's the universal cry of all talkers, and it means the concrete is coming. We look up, and there it is, right over our heads, a big gray bucket four feet square,

12 feet high. In it are four yards of concrete, enough to fill a bathtub eight times.

Eight tons of concrete and five tons of steel make 13 tons—and it's right over your head, right now. The wrong word from Peaches and you're mush.

But now the three of them are working together—Oels, Peaches and Cox, all with their eyes on the bucket. You can hear Peaches talking into his mike—"Rack out, rack out," meaning rack the bucket out on the crane; "Travel in," meaning move the whole crane back, parallel with the dam—"Now down slow! HOLD it!"

The bucket is hovering, its bottom waist high, right where Oels wants it. Like tigers, he and Cox move in. Near the bottom of the bucket are two holes. Into one of them Cox slams the nozzle of the hose, and, as Oels steadies the thing, Cox twists the nozzle and, leaning his body against it, sends a blast of air bursting like thunder into the works. So sturdy is the mechanism that controls the door in the bucket's bottom that compressed air is the only force powerful enough to open it. Thus Cox literally blows the bottom open, and the concrete flows out in a four-foot pile at his feet.

Now the two vibrator men move in. The top of a vibrator looks something like the jack hammer you see men tearing up the streets with, but the bottom is a steel cylinder as big around as a stove pipe. In this cylinder giant egg beaters whirl at the rate of 6,000 rpm. You've got to sink this cylinder down deep into the pile, and the only way to do it is to throw it in. So now, here come the six men, charging at the pile, their vibrators over their heads, and *wham!* Into that mud, with its rocks as big as your head, go the vibrators.

Quivering under the vibration of 6,000 beats per minute, multiplied by three, the concrete smooths out like oil. Each pair of men works separately. When they see the mud is level, they heave out their vibrator.

There's no signal given, no look, no word, and yet these men know to the split second when it's time to get that thing out of there, and their muscles work accordingly.

While waiting for the next bucket, Big Dave Cockrum, who looks like he's about half bear, leans his vibrator your way. "Wanta pick it up?" he asks. You jerk on it, and it doesn't budge. Big Dave laughs, and Oels comes over.

"He's the best man I got," Oels said, "but it don't take weight to run these things, does it, Dave?"

"Naw," Big Dave chuckled. He gave his partner a friendly slap on the back that knocked Bozo three feet. "I had guys bigger'n me on the other side of this contraption and they weren't half as good as Bozo. Huh, Bozo?"

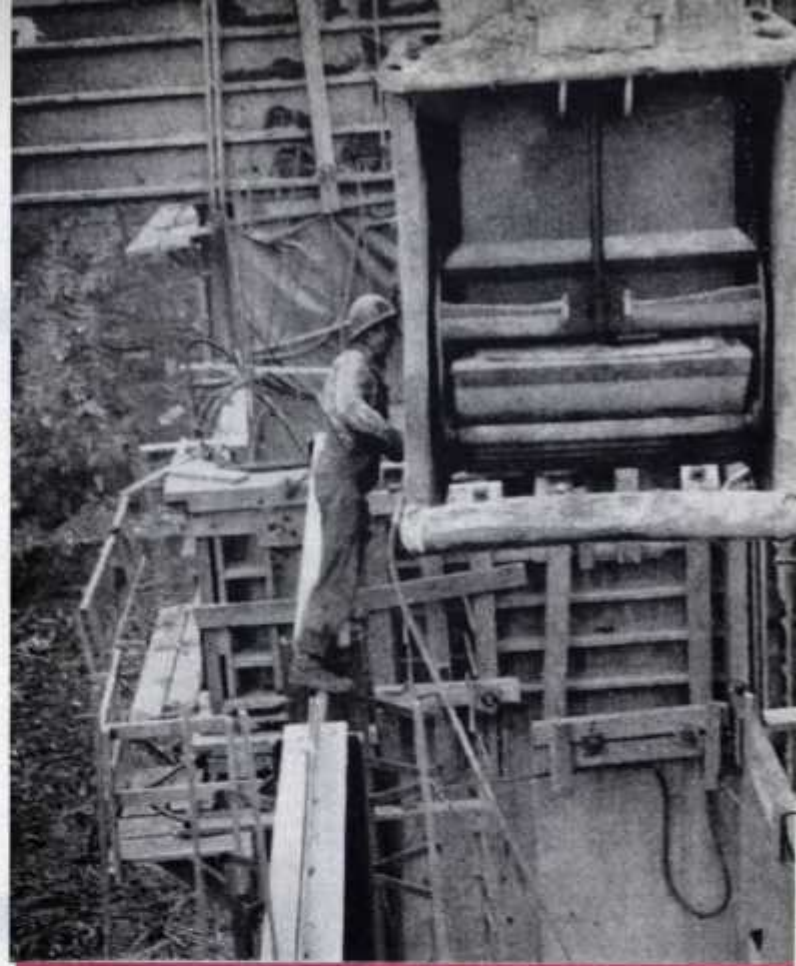
Bozo shook his head groggily, and agreed. But you can see what Big Dave meant—it isn't just size, it's the knowledge of what you're doing, and the desire to do it right. And then it's Peaches again, "Headache! Headache!"

Gradually, the pour works out to the upstream edge of the form, six feet high. Engineer Edwards changed the order from plain mud to a higher quality concrete for the facing. Up to now it has been just work. Now there may be danger.

And there is. The bucket comes swinging out. No one says a word, but every man sees—the holes are on the *outside*.

There's no way for Cox to bust that bucket except to stand on the form, on the extreme edge of the dam. He'll face in, lean up against that swinging bucket, and bust it.

(Continued on page 84)



BUCKET-BUSTER Bill Cox has the most dangerous and the most difficult job of any one on the team

FOREMAN Oels, at left, is in charge of one of the four crews that dump and spread the various mixes





HARRY BECKHOFF

Mauch Ado About Muscles

By REVERE McVAY

ONE NIGHT in June, 1947, Mrs. Bobbie Riggs flipped the sports pages moodily until her eye caught a story that seemed written for the Riggs' family misfortune. It was a yarn about athletic trainers, but the part dealing with a trainer named Gus Mauch, made her jump for the phone. She dialed a number. Mauch answered. Was it true, she asked, that he had kept athletes in competition even after crippling injuries apparently had sidelined them? Gus admitted that he had. "Please come over right away," she pleaded.

Mauch arrived to find that Bobbie Riggs, the professional tennis champion, had broken a small bone in his right foot that afternoon in the first round of the

Worried about your physical condition? Then heed this advice from a top athletic trainer

pro tournament at Forest Hills, Long Island. He had limped through the match, somehow managing to win. The injury seemed destined to put him out of the tournament. Gus examined the X-rays made that day. Then he carefully ripped strips of tape and wove them in a protective pattern around the ankle. Aided daily by Mauch's tape and treatment, Riggs fought on through four days of tournament play. On the last day, after a grueling five-set match, he scarcely heard the thunderous ap-

plause heralding the play that won him the championship on a broken foot.

As an athletic repairman, Gus Mauch has been rallying disabled competitors into good health by use of tape, treatment and common sense for the past 25 years. In his field, he's an acknowledged expert on the aches and pains of tennis players, football players, baseball players, swimmers, skaters, dancers and basketball stars.

The New York Yankees have employed his know-how since 1944. In

it won't go in one ear

and out

the other

when you send a telegram

Clear—concise—direct—a telegram
never forgets—never forces snap decisions—
never makes you guess what the other
man said. You can refer to the written
record again and again. Compare this orderly
method with notes scribbled under the
pressure of hurried conversations—
and you'll always use *telegrams*!





A large waistline will come down if you shake your head in a negative manner, then put both hands on the table and push

the fall he mends the pro football Yankees. He did the same work for years with the football Giants. After the 1949 and 1950 seasons the Yankee management agreed that Mauch had done as much toward winning two world championships as many a timely base hit. Throughout the '49 schedule he treated 74 separate injuries. At times his training room looked like a first aid station on the Korean front line.

Because he supervises the physical condition of an expensive coterie of athletes Gus is the target for many people seeking free advice.

The No. 1 question concerns short cuts to slimmer waistlines.

"What's the best exercise?" they usually ask.

"That's easy," Gus says. "Just shake your head from side to side in a negative manner. Try it at the table . . . when the second portions come around. There's another . . . learn to place both hands firmly on the table . . . and push."

Accustomed to dealing with men proud of their physical condition, it irks Gus to hear overweight cynics, complacent about flesh pots and Scotch drams, brush off exertion with, "Why knock yourself out?"

"Look," he replies, "if outdoor activity adds strength to the muscles and ligaments of a ball player, the average 'sitter' will

benefit by a moderate conditioning program of diet and exercise. Modern living is a strain. You have to be in shape for it as much as a ball player for his 154-game grind."

Lately medical sources have added a word or two about the toll exacted by those "hard days at the office." Dr. William Dock, professor of medicine at New York University, speaking last spring before the Los Angeles Heart Association, said, "One reason more and more men are dying at ages of 45-50, is that when they stop active exercise fats accumulate in their bodies, instead of being burned up as fuels."

Mauch has found that the average chair-borne male, whose sole exercise is lifting the phone or a highball glass, mulishly will resist reshaping middle-aged spread because whimpering muscles and a growling abdominal vacuum loom as too big a sacrifice.

"They'll wave you off with cracks about being as 'strong as a horse,'" Gus observes. "But one day their plumbing suddenly gets out of whack, then they beg a doctor to work an overnight miracle. Or one of them will come up to me after a deep-dish blonde takes a look at the piled-up suet and gives a loud snicker at his once sure-fire passes. Worst blow a man's pride can take."

That men are willing to risk the hazards of hypertension, ulcers and wildly skittering cardiograph charts just to avoid a few sore muscles and a little care about food, puzzles Gus. "They'll fuss over a new car, or a new TV set, yet allow their greatest mechanical gift, their bodies, to go to pot," he notes.

Gus claims that the revolt of sore muscles is easily repaired by using them. "By the fourth day of spring training some ball players are so stiff and sore they can scarcely walk," he says. But muscles are like rubber bands, work makes them pliable. Using them makes the heart develop, and a sluggish respiratory system is accelerated. Muscles tire, then stiffen, because they depend on the heart to circulate the blood after it has been freshened in the lungs.

However, he has no idea of instituting the sweaty muscle bending of ball players as a routine for business men. In the Mauch book the simplest conditioner is walking. Not mere sauntering. "That's more tiring than a steady pace," he warns. "Put in several miles a day and do it consistently."

Once, when Gus had the late George M. Cohan as a client, the actor-producer wanted a checkup



Mauch's repairs enabled Bobbie Riggs to win the professional tennis championship back in 1947 after he broke his foot



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at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. The examining doctor marveled at the 59-year-old Cohan's legs. "Those are the legs of a man in his twenties," he said. Cohan explained that he had walked at least ten miles a day for years. "Then it's no wonder," replied the medico.

Mauch adds a bow to golf. "If it weren't for that game we'd become a nation of 'sitters,'" he asserts. What he likes about golf is the smooth, coordinated play it brings to the hips, legs and arms. The respiratory effect from open air exercise supplies oxygen to a tired blood stream, resulting in a healthy fatigue.

For the man unable to do much walking or play golf, Gus recommends swimming. "Every muscle in your body is brought into play when you swim. I've seen men operating on a tight business schedule take a half hour at noon in a pool and be 100 per cent better for the workout."

But before any man in normal health attempts a physical build-up session, whether supervised or personally directed, he should obtain a medical checkup. "You might get into serious trouble monkeying with your own ideas," advises Gus. "That logy feeling might be caused by something other than too much sitting. A doctor can tell much better than you can."

At one time Mauch had charge of a physical fitness course in a New York hotel for which members got a thorough medical checkup. Three to five times a week, business executives went through an hour of supervised exercises; they also were told what to eat. The course lasted six months. The most frequent complaint heard at the end of the sessions was the need for retailoring clothes and purchase of smaller-sized shirts.

"We checked on what each man needed in the way of corrective exercises," recalled Gus. "If he had poor circulation, a routine was prescribed. If his knees or back needed tissue-building, specific exercises were encouraged to add flexibility and endurance."

If neither ambition nor time permit regular exercising, Gus recommends a hobby, preferably an outdoor one. Some men find that a few hours a week spent puttering in a garden will improve their breathing, heart action and erase mental fatigue. Philosophical fishermen have negligible cardiovascular ailments.

Mauch believes the most important aim in walking, golf or swim-

ming is to introduce muscle fatigue, stir sluggish circulation, improve digestion and sweep out mental weariness.

A lot of men go along thinking in all innocence that extensive elbow bending and overeating can be set to rights by junkets to steam rooms and by extensive massage. Puddles of sweat are assumed to represent a form of dewy absolution from gastronomic sins.

"That weight loss is usually phony," Mauch explains. "The body is made up of 65 to 70 per cent fluids. Most men will down a glass or two of water later and are right back where they started. Massage can fatigue a muscle as much as actual work but it is artificial exercise. Doesn't add muscular flexibility, strength or endurance."

"Fat won't grow on a working muscle," Gus points out. "Some men fail to consider that the lard on their pelts has been accumulating sometimes for 15 to 20 years. And it's mighty friendly because it gets well fed. The weight lost on the massage table generally is off

"Today's business leader cannot justify his existence by profit statements alone. He must also render service to his local, national and world community."

—Dorothy Shaver

the poor guy who has to do the manipulations. I know about that."

That black moment when a tailor blurts out the new number on the waistline can be avoided by three Mauch devices. One is a simple tape measure. The thighs, hips, waist and chest should be measured. Next step on the bathroom scale. Keep a daily chart of both records.

The third device is a long, three-sided mirror, the kind tailors use. The sags and bags the average man is likely to find should shake even the toughest complacency. If he doesn't like what he sees, he should ask his doctor what should be done.

While it is true that stirring one's stumps is hostile to obesity, Mauch warns against setting out on a five-mile hike just to reduce. If dropping weight is what you have in mind, the best exercise, he believes, is one calling for restraint.

Extra weight, or fat, is nothing more than a sedentary accumulation on the body of too many calories. Calories are the fuel units in the food we eat. They are also in whisky, cocktails and beer.

"You get fat," he explains, "because your stomach has a day and night cashier checking off everything you dump into it."

"What fuel you don't need is stored by your body for future use. As you can easily see, the big warehouses are the tummy and the rear end."

Five-by-five fatsos hearing this news brighten up, but with a wayward logic—right away they want to burn down the warehouses.

Mauch knows that middle-aged Falstaffian habits suddenly turned virtuous will cause muscles to do their share of murmuring. What he is concerned over is that the middle-aged hearts, under such strains, may take to murmuring and the tune through a doctor's stethoscope may sound much like "Nearer My God To Thee."

His respect for the heart stems from his knowledge that it is the toughest and hardest working muscle of the body. Daily it pumps nine to ten tons of blood.

"You can safely reduce weight by learning to place a caloric count on your chow," he advises. "It shouldn't be any harder to learn than counting your change. You can get these charts in dime stores, from insurance companies or dietary outfits. But you have to count everything."

To most male ears the word "diet" means the doctor has finally caught up with you; you're sick.

"That's all nonsense," says Gus. "It isn't food that makes you fat, it's too much of it. You need a balance in your intake but there are plenty of low-caloried foods rich in minerals and natural vitamins that will build you up—and I don't mean fat."

Some men attack the blubber problem with commendable zeal but with misdirected energy. "Cut out lunches. By gad, that's the way to beat this belly fat." But at night they really mow their way through the feed bag. "They're starved," Gus explains. "They figure they have a right to make up for being so noble."

These dietary distortions might cut down fatty tissue if the evening meal is not overdone, but there is a strong chance that the fast will give birth to a fine case of ill-feeling, the direct product of fatigue and hunger. Charitably inclined secretaries are wont to ascribe the boss's afternoon outbursts of temper to weariness, but to Gus, those whips and jingles are from the same cause—poor eating habits.

"Skipping meals can make you tired, cranky and below par," Gus

declared. "Fruit juice, even vegetable juices are handy in plenty of cities right now; vitalized milk, skimmed milk; there are any number of afternoon pickups without weight worries. Remember, it's a matter of fuel, not loading up with a high-caloried supply."

Because of a caprice in nature, some men prefer blondes to brunettes, and because of a difference in men's body chemistry, Gus suggests that scientific information be obtained before self-directed reforms are begun.

As proof, Mauch cites the case of Yankee pitcher Allie Reynolds. The powerful righthander was unaccountably being hammered from the box during the 1949 season. "Sometimes pitchers lose their effectiveness due to muscle fatigue. But by our standards Reynolds was in top shape," said Mauch. The answer was supplied by a metabolism test ordered by the team physician.

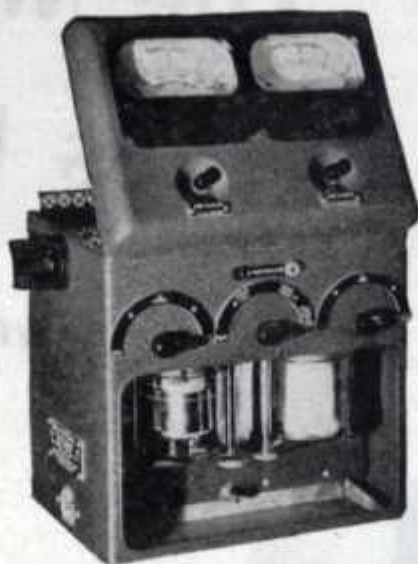
It showed Reynolds' body became quickly depleted of energy-giving sugar. Orange juice, peach juice and other sweet drinks were fueled into the big pitcher. A well sweetened Reynolds proved a bitter dosage for the Brooklyn Dodgers in the '49 series, when, as a surprise starter in the opening game, he won a 1 to 0, two-hitter.

Metabolistic differences have no better illustration than the case of pitchers Vic Raschi and Tommy Byrne, the former Yankee, now with Browns. Pitching during the summer months, Raschi has dropped as many as 16 pounds in a nine-inning game. Others might lose eight, sometimes 12 pounds. When Raschi attempted to take his pitching turn after a normal three-day rest, his strength faded early in the game. Despite a prescribed diet, supplementary vitamins and salt pills, nature's limitations forced the Yankees to allow Raschi an extra day's rest to repair his great weight loss.

Where Raschi is as large as a football tackle, lefthander Tommy Byrne is slim, tall and wiry. He, too, perspires, almost as profusely as does Raschi. Furthermore, because Tommy tends to wildness, he works almost twice as hard as the average pitcher. Byrne frequently wound up lacking many pounds of the weight with which he started. Yet his normal weight scarcely varied. Tommy's metabolism is so neatly balanced that everything he eats corrects his weight loss.

"Your doctor can tell you the score on your diet," advises Gus. "Find out how many calories you need and cut off 500 a day and

(Continued on page 67)



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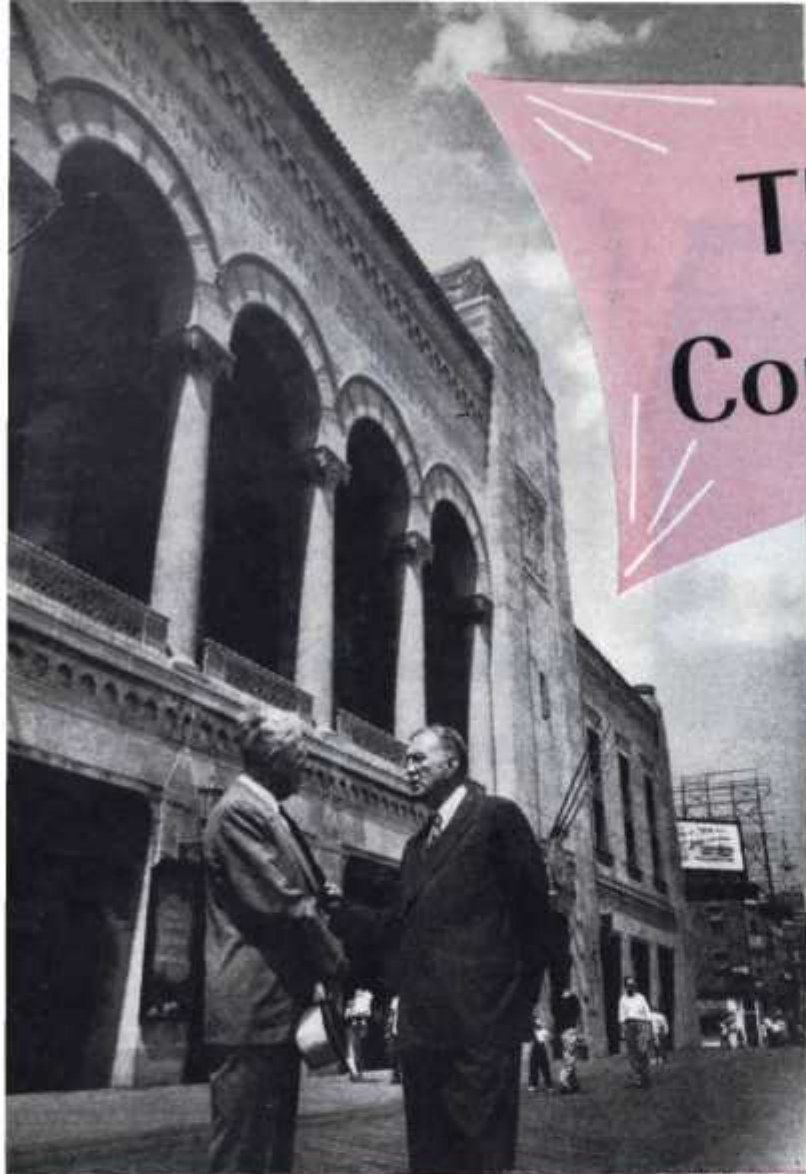


The Meeting Comes to Order

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON



THE convention is no longer an excuse for a good time. Today's delegate expects to take home more than a headache. The author shows how that can be arranged



R. I. WELSMITH

Al Skean, above left, has seen some 7,000 business gatherings since he began studying them back in 1924

DELEGATES to our best conventions are not pinning for *Sweet Adeline* any more in soulful strains at 3 a.m. The whoopee that once rang out is being wrung out.

The reason is simple, says Albert H. Skean of Atlantic City, N. J., who has watched some 7,000 conventions come and go. He finds that delegates want to do their sleeping in bed, nights, instead of in meetings, days.

Things are happening in the meetings that they can't afford to miss, and which they came many miles to get.

Even delegates to purely fraternal assemblies, he says, are insisting on taking home more than headaches. The business convention, he points out, is no longer merely an occasion for back slapping—"it's a part of the expense account, and a part of the job." It has become a vital forum in the running of America.

Al Skean has been studying conventions since 1924, when he quit working for Near East Relief to become manager of Atlantic City's business-backed Convention Bureau.

For variety, in 1933-34 he was also convention manager for Cleveland.

While the Army Air Corps occupied Atlantic City in World War II, he headed New York's convention-getting staff. About the same time, he was president of the International Association of Convention



Bureaus, with headquarters in Cincinnati.

Big, solid and 60, Scottish on his father's side and Pennsylvania Dutch on his mother's, Skean might be mistaken for a banker, a construction boss, or a bishop, depending on the nature of the organization he is cultivating at the moment. But on the subject of whoopee as a vanishing phase of the convention scene, he talks with the authority of an accountant.

Fourteen conventions covering a wide diversity of interests were surveyed after their annual sessions. Delegates reported an average stay of four days, and an average expense nearing \$100. More than half of this was paid for hotel room and meals. About \$20 was spent in local retail stores. For souvenir booklets, post cards and the like, the typical delegate spent \$7. Over that last figure Skean pauses to give emphasis to his next fact: A little less than \$7 is also what the delegate reports spending in night clubs.

On bottled goods, theaters, horse racing, and all purposes that might be associated even remotely with making whoopee, the typical delegate confesses to spending about \$15 in four days, or about \$3.75 per day. That sum, says Skean knowingly, might mean riotous conduct in Podunk, but it certainly would mean no such thing in a place like Pottstown, Pa., where he spent his youth, or in Allentown, Pa., where he attended Muhlenberg College and captained its football team.

ACCORDING to a further division of the figures, those attending political conventions spend most money on the late-hour froth and tinsel, educators and churchmen spend least, and business men are just about in the middle, despite expense accounts.

Another survey covering 29 cities and 423 conventions has since confirmed the earlier findings as being very close to a national pattern. The larger survey added some rather startling facts of its own. More than 17,000 state, regional and national conventions are now held annually in North America. They are attended by 9,100,000 delegates, a number that is rapidly ascending. That means that more than 325 new conventions open up, on the average, every Monday morning in the year—the banner months actually are June and September.

Skean estimates that all conventions now represent an aggregate outlay that possibly exceeds \$4,000,000,000 each year. That sum he

divides roughly among these four main classes of outgo:

1. Travel and the preliminary purchase of new clothes, luggage and other items.
2. Rooms, meals, tips and other expenses of delegates and their wives in the convention city.
3. Cost of exhibits, freight, rentals, publicity, badges and other operating expenses of the convention proper.
4. Delegates' time, in terms of salaries paid or earnings lost from work.

At this point, Skean reminds you that every convention is primarily a sales effort, that it can only justify itself by making a return on its cost that is favorably comparable to other sales efforts. Therefore, assuming a sales cost of ten per cent as a fair top for conventions, the aggregate return must be at least \$40,000,000,000 annually, if the effort as a whole is to be judged economically sound.

That it is sound, he believes, is proved by many facts. For example, during a single week in January, the National Canners' Association convention transacts commitments that guide farmers in planting 75 per cent of the crops for that year's pack. One big electrical goods manufacturer now brings his 5,000 dealers into convention at yearly intervals, and in five days contracts with them for a full year's production of his factories. This is a type of superselling that is just hitting its stride.

Skean is convinced that conventions have gained more maturity in the past ten years than they did in 2,000 years before the war, and the new maturity is not happenstance.

"Conventions now represent a vast added force, a uniting force, for the professions, the sciences, labor, management, religion, education, practically every organized human activity," he told me. "This force is a peculiarly American development, born of need. We are a nation 3,000 miles wide. Sectional interests divide us. Once a year, the convention is a means of renewing understandings at the personal level that no other medium affords. Of course, it has taken an unparalleled development in fast, mass transportation to make the convention method effective—that, and also daring."

On a Monday morning I stood with Skean on one of the big movable loading platforms that flank Atlantic City's Convention Hall. Standing with us was Albert C.

take a walk After Office Hours



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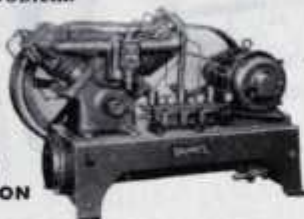
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Rau, a Boston business showman of 42 years' experience.

On one side of the platform, the last loaded van of the American Management Association's big packaging show was pulling out. On the opposite side, the first van of the Knitting Arts Exhibition of knitting machine manufacturers was backing in. It was precisely 8 a.m. when the tail gate of the incoming truck was unlatched.

Skean laughed, pointed to the hands of his watch. He had posted a bond of \$25,000 with Rau to guarantee this exact timing, allowing Rau ten days and nights to get his knitting show staged and rehearsed. Over the week end, as the packaging show exhibits were being moved out, literally thousands of changes in electrical wiring, compressed air lines, water pipes, vapor pipes and whatnot, had been made to prepare for Rau's incoming exhibits. The bond had guaranteed that work, too.

"Sure I wanted a bond," said Rau. "We've been a year in getting ready. We've more than 800 knitting machines to set up and test run. All of them are new, different, and a lot of them are just off ships from Europe. Nothing about this show dare go wrong, and I mean dare. By closing night, it will total up to a cash cost of about \$20,000,000.

That cost, he said, included the expenses of 16,000 delegates expected not only from the two Americas but from Europe, India, Thailand, Japan, Australia and Egypt. It included assembling machinery and other exhibits from over two hemispheres, by ship, rail, truck and plane. The show's operating costs alone, said Rau, would be several times those of an 800-machine mill operating under normal conditions.

"What we'll have here in effect is a portable mill, one of the biggest salesman's showcases ever built," he explained. "We're spotlighting everything new in a world industry."

Even allowing a few million off for showmanly enthusiasm, Rau's cost estimate was still imposing.

SKEAN brought up a point, too. The selling job assigned the Knitting Arts Exhibition had to be done in five days, in which—figuring a ten-to-one cost ratio—the show would have to gross around \$200,000,000 worth of sales. With time at that price, not much of it could be wasted on play.

He cited the departing Packaging Exposition as an excellent example of the modern, successfully

managed convention. Packaging cuts a broad swath across all business. What and how many companies might want to send delegates, the show committee had no way of knowing. It couldn't even guess. So it used a familiar medium for issuing its invitations. It advertised.

Inserted in trade and business publications of all kinds, for months in advance of the convention, the advertising promised a show that would deal strictly with the latest in packaging. Diversion wasn't even mentioned. To insure that those who came would be present for purposes of business, admission charges of \$15 for members, and of \$19 for nonmembers, were announced for the full conference.

The best guess was that attendance might total 4,000. Actually, almost four times 4,000 delegates registered!

Here is Skean's recipe for the kind of convention that grows bigger and better with each new meeting:

1. Pack your program with papers that give new knowledge and will help delegates do better work. Give speakers enough time to do justice to their subjects, but not enough time to grow dull. Welcome discussions.

2. See that exhibits are dramatic, not static, and also new. Get exhibitors to send their best informed people.

3. Keep the wives busy. They, too, want to take home more than a headache.

4. Wring out the whoopee. It's the sign of a meeting that otherwise has gone flat.

Big names do not especially impress Skean as star attractions, unless the holders are qualified to discuss matters pertinent to the delegates' interests. The biggest name you can get, he says, is that of the man known to be doing a bang-up job in your convention's field. Inspirational talks have their place, but those offering pay dirt have a vastly bigger appeal.

"If program committees devoted the time they now spend in trying to get the big names to a more thorough study of what is of outstanding interest within the scope of their own organization, that time would return far bigger dividends."

The method of choosing convention cities has also changed mightily in ten years, according to Skean. The old reliance was upon oratory, wire pulling and glowing

promises. Local grants of funds for "entertainment" and other purposes were common, with many a convention going to the highest bidder. In those days, Skean traveled 60,000 miles annually buttonholing convention officials and influential delegates.

Today, he travels a quarter of that. More negotiations are by telephone. Regularly committees seeking convention sites come in by air, match local facilities against blueprints of what their plans call for, and fly on next day to check the claims of other cities. With the major conclaves, the site is chosen several years in advance, as a rule, and with the same care that would be devoted to locating a large new industrial plant. For that matter, the investment involved is also comparable to that for a large new plant. The keenest competition is for the smaller conventions, which can be accommodated by most any city.

The American Medical Association taught Skean one of his earliest and sharpest lessons. The AMA had just convened at the shore, and he was eager to have it return. To his surprise, officials were frosty.

"You can keep on asking us for another ten years," one physician told him, "and maybe in that time we'll change our minds about your town, but if we do, it will be only because your town has changed its ideas about how to treat a convention."

Right then Skean began preaching a new doctrine:

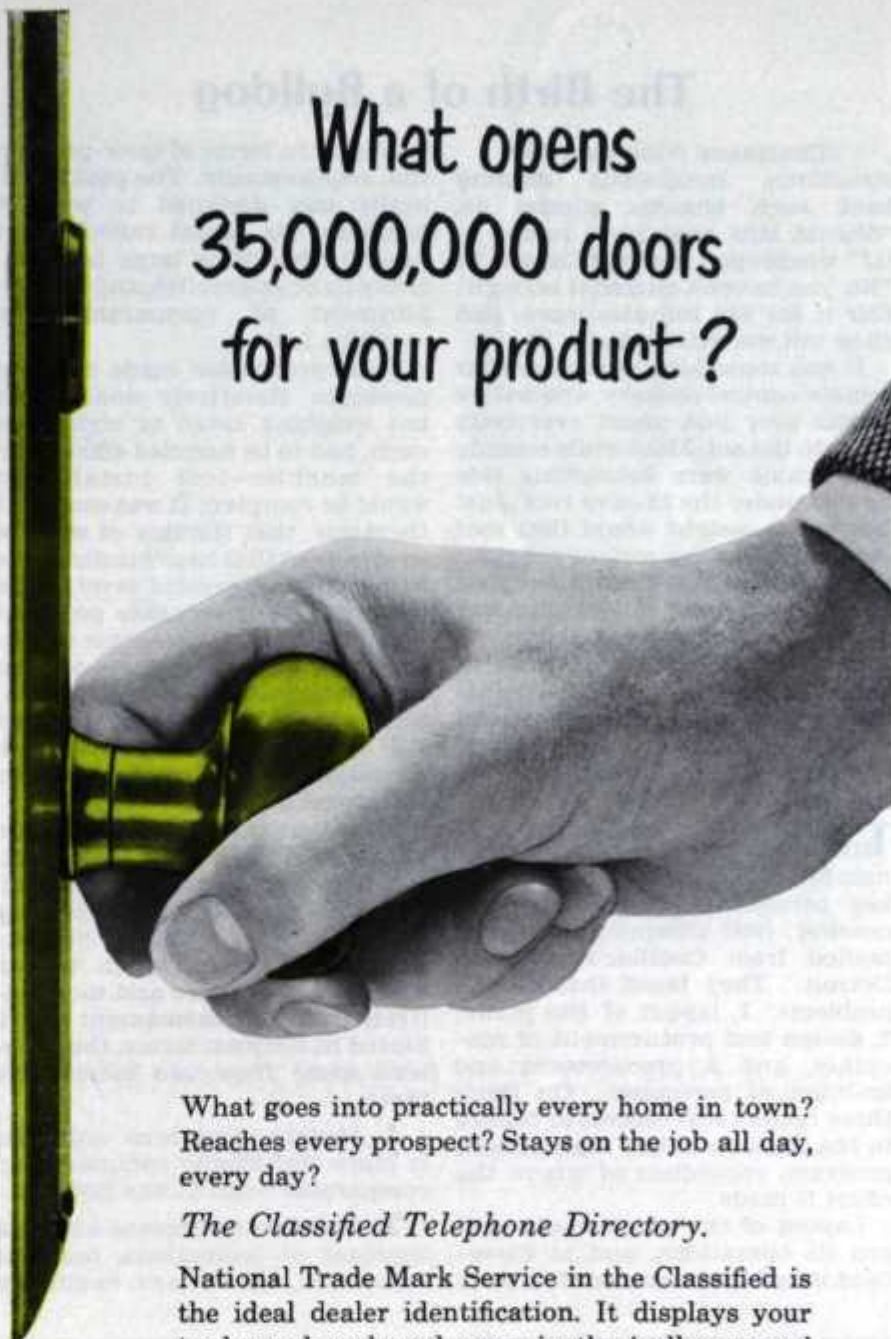
"Don't exploit the visitor but 'get in tune' with him."

ANOTHER new doctrine long advocated by Skean and other far-sighted bureau managers has almost ended the practice of bidding for conventions by offers of money. Only a few of the major conclaves, most notably those of the two great political parties, now expect financial help. The feeling now prevails almost generally that a convention that is not capable of paying its own way is not a good business risk.

The classic proof of this fact was the Democratic Convention which nominated Woodrow Wilson for the presidency in 1912. Baltimore business men raised the then enormous sum of \$100,000 to land the convention. The city spent almost as much in preparing for the epochal event. More than 100,000 free-spending Democrats were expected.

"About 4,000 showed up," relates Skean, "and most of them stopped in cheap boardinghouses."

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The Birth of a Bulldog

(Continued from page 38)

structions, meanwhile sending back such anxious queries as, "Should this gook have lumps in it?" whereupon the reply might be "No, you haven't stirred it enough! Stir it for ten minutes more, and then tell me what it looks like!"

It was something of a record for remote control cookery, and before it was over just about everybody got into the act. Meanwhile comedy and drama were flourishing side by side under the 28-acre roof. Just how much weight would that roof stand? It was the serious question uppermost in every mind, because if the roof went, major disaster hardly could be avoided. Engineers rigged emergency steam lines to melt the snow at strategic points should that become necessary, and hourly roof patrols functioned throughout the emergency. Fortunately the roof held.

THE men pushing the project numbered less than 50. They were key personnel—about half engineering; half administrative—detached from Cadillac's plant in Detroit. They faced three tough problems: 1, layout of the plant; 2, design and procurement of machines, and 3, procurement and training of personnel. On these three factors rest success or failure in the nation's entire rearmament program, regardless of where the effort is made.

Layout of the plant would govern its operations, and at Cleveland it had to accommodate a basic

weakness in terms of tank-production requirements. The plant originally was designed to produce bombers. Its layout reflected the need for handling large but relatively light assemblies, and the employment of comparably few machine tools.

Tank production made different demands. Relatively small units, but weighing seven or eight tons each, had to be handled efficiently; the machine-tool installation would be complex. It was essential, therefore, that the flow of work be so arranged that heavy units would be handled at ground level. This, in turn, meant accurate positioning of machine tools—some weighing more than 100 tons—so that they performed efficiently in relation to the progress of the job, and still rested so securely that their operation would not threaten structural damage.

It was in the second and third phases of its operation that Cadillac encountered more difficult problems, and a pattern of deep significance for all major production organizations which will in time be drawn more and more actively into the rearmament effort. Stated in simplest terms, the problems arose from two inescapable facts:

1. Modern American ordnance is more technically complex than comparable units of the last war.
2. This fact emerges as a critical shortage of toolmakers, machine repairmen, electricians, engineers,

draftsmen and certain other trained categories.

"It's not that we are training few of these people today," said a spokesman. "It's simply that the number of technically trained people needed per production unit has increased materially. The technically trained manpower supply that was adequate in 1945 is woefully inadequate now."

Plant management found this problem so critical that top executives were sent to address various student bodies, urging young men to equip themselves for technical employment in industry. Simultaneously with this long-range approach, technical training programs were set up within the plant.

This manpower situation is fundamental to the whole American military policy.

The T41-E1 tank has some 25,000 separate parts, (the most complex automobile has only 10,000 or 12,000) among them vertical and horizontal stabilization equipment which keeps the tank's 76 mm rifle "on target" regardless of the position of the vehicle, and synchronized "T-Bar" control which permits the tank to be maneuvered by the pressure of one finger alone. The actual driving and control mechanism is so simple in operation that after ten minutes of instruction a plant stenographer took off for a safe journey!

TO meet the machine-tool need, engineers procured and installed approximately 3,000 machines. About 90 per cent of this total were new; some ten per cent were in-being machines taken out of government mothballs and rebuilt.

Cadillac's management admits that its job was considerably easier because it was first in the field, with access to what was available, even though that wasn't too much where tools were concerned. Organizations subsequently swinging into the program are bound to face knottier problems in this field.

Nobody was particularly surprised when the plan for building the T41-E1 called for the use of machines which were not in being. Work began with a set of design drawings provided by Army Ordnance. By the time the problem was ready for the methods and equipment division, and the standards division, a substantial portion of the tank had been redesigned to permit rapid production without impairing military efficiency.

Anyone but an American used to tremendous industrial output would regard as phenomenal the



"Well, if you ever do have anything, give me a ring"

accuracy of the production estimates made at that remote date by Cadillac engineers. Before a wheel turned or a hole was bored, they estimated that approximately 3,700 productive machining and assembly operations per vehicle would be required. They envisioned 600 man-hours of armor welding per vehicle; forecast that efficient over-all operation of the plant would require the simultaneous employment of one, two and three shifts in different departments, and forecast *within two per cent* the job-by-job manpower requirements.

THE design and production, by machine-tool manufacturers, of three new machines occasioned little or no delay. These were: A machine for milling all final-drive and track-support idler surfaces on the hull simultaneously; a machine for drilling all suspension holes in the hull simultaneously; and a machine for grinding all suspension-mounting surfaces in the hull. Each of these tools is capable of picking up an entire tank hull and swinging it into any desired position as easily as a child handles a doll.

The fourth machine problem was more troublesome. The ball race on which the tank's turret revolves is a circular steel strip with an inside diameter of 84 inches. In places it must be ground to a tolerance of one thousandth of an inch, and it is an integral part of the hull, which is both heavy and bulky.

A quick survey of machinery available to accommodate this problem showed that the Betts boring mill, produced by Consolidated Machine Tool Corporation of Rochester, N. Y., offered the greatest promise. However, the standard Betts mill is designed to pick up and swing an object no longer than 12 feet on its greatest dimension. Taking its name from this characteristic, it is known as a 12-foot model; there were not even any of these "on the shelf"; production of one would require a minimum of three months; the tool Cadillac required would have to be twice as big anyway, and to build that would take a year!

"Well," chuckled an engineer proudly, "we couldn't stand the delivery, so we just souped up the 12-foot mill with extensions until it gave us swing clearance and a capacity of 24 feet."

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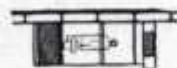
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the cost of the machine necessary to complete this vital link in the production chain.

Such machines require operators and the next problem was people.

The contractor's anticipation in this direction proved among the few that were woefully off target. Monday, Aug. 21, 1950, was selected as the day when the plant would be thrown open to applicants. As many as 1,500 were expected, and temporary arrangements were made accordingly—a couple of desks set up in the cafeteria, which still was in process of renovation; a single box of application blanks laid out; a dozen people assigned to the entire operation.

"That night they carried us out!" says William S. Chisholm, personnel director, in rueful retrospect. Chisholm is Scotch, phlegmatic, and given to understatement. What actually happened was a bush league version of a Wall Street panic.

ALTHOUGH 8 a.m. was the announced hour for beginning to accept applications, night plant guards and the few military police still around found themselves with the beginnings of a crowd on their hands as early as 3:45. By six o'clock men and women, young and old, queued up two and three abreast in a line which snaked around corners for more than a quarter mile. By mid-morning about 100 new people were falling in at the tail of the line for every one cleared at the head; about 1,000 others were swarming around outside the plant; just before noon the dam broke and the mob of curious job seekers rushed the valiant little knot of personnel workers, who went down under the onslaught.

Recognizing the explosiveness of the situation, tall, bespectacled and habitually dignified Chisholm leaped atop a desk and began shouting for order. When he didn't get it he fired the whole milling mob.

This curious business of being fired before they were hired caused the crowd to hesitate uncertainly—an anticipated mass reaction to ambiguity. Plant guards and military police seized the opportunity; went gently but firmly to work; in about an hour had the mob headed the other way, with promises of expanded facilities and continued orderly registration throughout the remainder of the week.

Analysis of the employment picture as it developed at the tank plant casts interesting light on what industry elsewhere may an-

ticipate when facing this same problem:

A large percentage of the first day's applicants at Cleveland already were employed, although fewer than 50 per cent indicated previous factory experience. Plain curiosity, plus news that the plant would work a six-day, 48-hour week with prospect of overtime, is credited by Chisholm and his assistants with providing the primary impetus which resulted in the flood of applicants.

A substantial percentage of applicants were in the older groups, and memories of the all-out production of World War II probably inspired the appearance of a striking number of mothers and grandmothers, up to and beyond the age of 60.

As of mid-summer, more than 77,000 job applications had been issued, and 20,000 individuals interviewed. All personnel work is conducted by young college graduates who have majored in psychology, and of the more than 5,000 people actually on the job, about 70 per cent are veterans of the last war. Over-all consideration of the Cadillac experience would seem to justify the conclusion that labor will respond readily enough to the broadening demands of defense production.

Enthusiasm, however, will fall considerably short of making up for the large number of skilled workers and professional people needed but seemingly not available. "These people just don't seem to exist!" was the summation of one personnel executive.

WHERE the skills do not exist, one answer is to create them, and that is the path followed at Cleveland. The structural characteristics of the T41-E1 are such that the services of a large number of welders capable of working on homogeneous armor are required.

As a skill, homogeneous welding is in a class by itself. Cadillac soon discovered that welders experienced in other types of welding often fell down when they tried the homogeneous operation. They also discovered that the supply of homogeneous welders in the Cleveland labor market was far short of requirements.

The answer was the creation of a three-shift homogeneous welding school, with about 40 student-welders per shift. The length of the course was from three to six weeks depending on aptitude; successful completion required that the student-welder pass an examination under Army Ordnance

supervision. Analysis of results showed approximately 400 student-welders matriculated; some 250 were graduated and employed on the job; a constant school level of about 125; failures running in the neighborhood of 12 to 15 per cent. Failure, however, did not always indicate lack of ability; there were other contributing causes. Parallel training courses subsequently were set up for toolmakers, machine repairmen, and one or two other critical classifications.

IN the matter of functioning in the general public interest with the least friction and red tape, Cadillac and the Ordnance Department manage to reach common ground, although they approach it from somewhat different directions. Cadillac has issued considerably more than 20,000 purchase orders to suppliers since work on the T41-E1 began. The suppliers receive the "DO" number of the prime contractor—in this case "DO-Zero-Four"—and with what leverage they can derive from that they scramble for what they need in the open market. In the present state of national policy, despite the Ordnance's much fancied "aggressive mobilization planning," it doesn't turn up too much leverage.

Actually, while it is the disposition at Cleveland to by-pass the multiplicity of federal agencies set up to "help" in war production, the Office of the Chief of Ordnance has been specifically helpful in disposing of many troublesome problems:

There are, in the T41-E1, a number of proprietary items—units or assemblies covered by patent—which the prime contractor must purchase intact from the patent owners. In some instances—the watertight jointure for wearing and connection elbows patented by Bendix Aviation is a case in point—the owners of these proprietary items have found it inconvenient to supply them in the required quantities. This type of problem threatened to prove a production bottleneck, but the patent owners, when unable to meet the demands themselves, have licensed other manufacturers so that production has not been materially delayed.

Two destructive attitudes—cynicism, and fear—are encountered today by any observant person who travels the land. Happily, neither attitude is displayed in significant measure at Cleveland. The group of General Motors executives carrying on the work always keeps in motion. The results speak for themselves.

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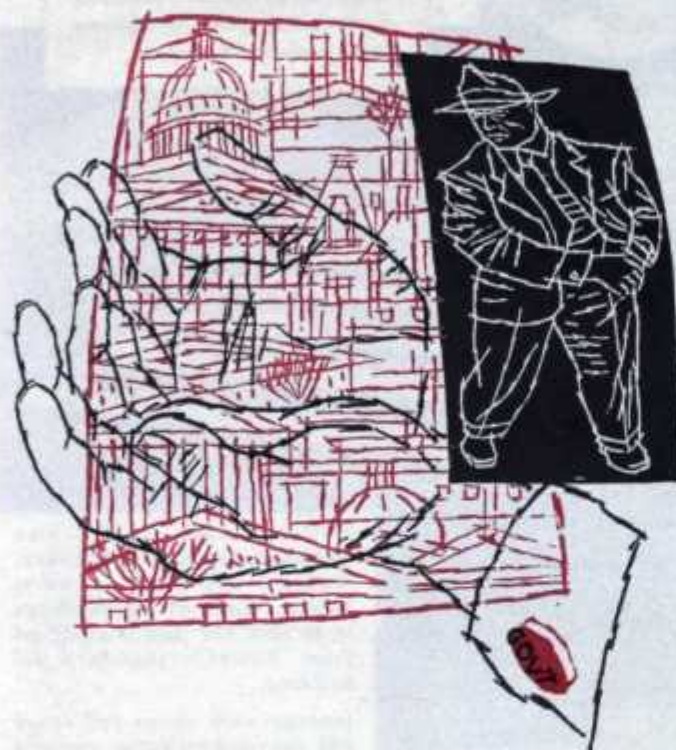
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SEED BEDS OF SOCIALISM: No. 6

The Growing Federal Payroll

By JUNIUS B. WOOD



HERE are reasons why Government costs American taxpayers billions of dollars and why the trend is upward

WITHIN adult memories, the Government has increased the burdens and taken over more and more former privileges of free enterprise. States which guarded their rights jealously are increasingly dependent on federal funds and obedient to directives. Government supervises the individual's employment, his housing, health, welfare, education and, less openly but more effectively, the value of his nickels and dimes.

A steadily expanding host of officials and public employes is the driving force in the new social order. "One for all, all for one" is their credo. This closely knit caste has size and influence. Party discipline and patronage pressure preserve a united front. The conversion of the nation to socialism comes closer.

The cost of these public workers runs into billions. They ingeniously devise more activities for themselves, more restrictions on the rights of citizens and new projects to spend more of the national income—to extract more dollars from the public.

The latest Census Bureau tabulation shows 6,500,000 civilians—roughly one person in ten—in public employment. Although some two thirds of them are in state and local service, the federal Government was hiring 2,000 persons a day this summer, and now covers the country like a spring frost. Armstrong County, S. Dak., is the only county out of 3,069 which does not have a resident federal employe. It is also the nation's smallest county: population, 42, all Indians. Still, since we average one Indian agent for each 25 Indians, Armstrong County has been slighted.

The incentives to work for increases in what is already the biggest federal payroll in history are chiefly three:

1. The generally accepted Washington custom of measuring an administrator's prestige by the number of employes in his agency. This leads to the "showcase" overstaffing that Rep. John B. Williams of Mississippi, then chairman of a subcommittee of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, found in the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Coast Guard, Internal Revenue Bureau and Federal Security Agency.

2. The effort to spend all of every agency's appropriation before the end of the fiscal year on June 30. Federal spending averaged \$198,973,933 a day in June—\$1,254,000,000 on June 29 alone—compared to \$145,699,198 a day for the previous month.

So common is expense padding at the year's end that the House Appropriations Committee was shocked when J. M. Mehl, head of the Commodity Exchange Authority, turned back some \$35,000 of his appropriation.

3. The so-called "emergency." Emergencies have become so common—even when war does not threaten—that the question of whether a project is urgent or merely a payroll pretext, sometimes delays useful legislation. One project marked "urgent" was the Burke County bridge linking Iowa and Nebraska. This span is over dry land. The Missouri River may be diverted to flow under it.

Virginia congressmen and the Free Enterprise Association of West Virginia protested against another urgent measure—the Buggs Island project. An \$80,000,000 dam will be completed in 1952, and the project wants a \$1,500,000,000 electric power plant for Buggs Island, uninhabited and below high-water level.

The individual government employe is as capable and willing to work as any worker. The overstaffing is the fault of continuous government striving to be bigger, to take over more functions of free enterprise and more rights of individual

citizens. So many who enter government service with high ideals are disillusioned by futility and confusion that labor turnover is 36 per cent. One girl among hundreds who came to Washington assured by government advertisements that work in the national capital is glamorous, writes that her group of experienced stenographers is kept busy assorting, assembling and refiling the same papers hour after hour.

The resignation of a high up, former Gov. M. E. Thompson of Georgia, a consultant for the Price Stabilization Board, created a sensation. The ex-governor scorned \$53 a day for 12 weeks' loafing. Another rarity was Maj. Lucian J. Coletti of Washington, Pa., retired, who refused \$5,000 from the Veterans Administration for mere clerical work.

However, the threat to the financial stability of the nation doesn't come from the number of workers, it comes from the ability of their bosses to devise ways to spend public funds, to increase taxes and at the same time limit the profits and earning opportunities of private business and of individuals.

President Washington was accused of extravagance when the cost of Government averaged \$4,261,000 annually over eight years. At today's spending, government—federal, state and local—obligates itself for that amount every 24 minutes around the clock. It spends \$10,445,000 every hour.

In the early days, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson served without pay on a committee that was the forerunner of the State Department. They corresponded with England, France, Russia and others. Thomas Paine, the famous philosopher, composed the letters. His salary was \$70 a month. The State Department today has 26,000 policy makers and employees on a \$9,000,000 a month payroll.

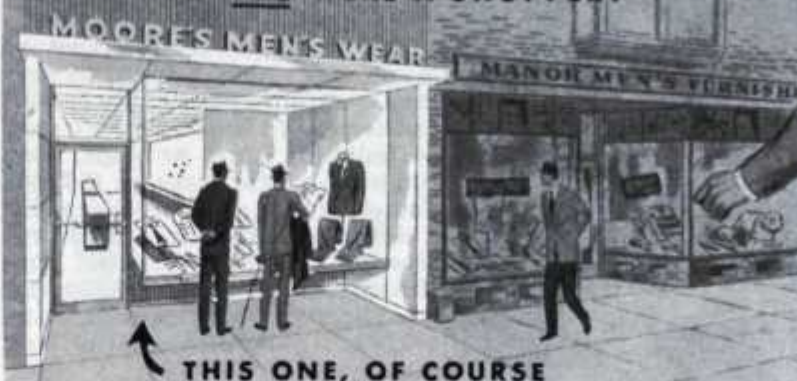
Economists say danger is ahead when the cost of Government exceeds 25 per cent of a country's national income. The same authorities figure the present cost of our Government at 40 per cent of the national income.

Even experts cannot visualize the astronomical billions in government spending. The Hoover Commission said that government records are so confused between gifts and loans that nobody knows whether \$30,000,000,000 or \$93,000,000,000 has been given away or has been lent in foreign aid. It was sure that in two years the ECA office in Paris increased from 50

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And we are as wasteful as we are lavish. Sen. John J. Williams says the Government lost \$2,800,000,000 on the sale of 1,956 ships. We'll soon be building more, he adds. One company bought three for \$309,000 and put them up as collateral for a \$5,000,000 loan from another government agency. Another purchaser got a ship for \$49,000 and our public servants paid him \$1,192,000 in subsidies, charter and insurance.

The spreading bureaucracy has invested \$20,000,000,000 of federal funds in 64 government corporations. Except that most of their accounts are in red ink, they do business like private corporations. Seven are making loans; while others compete in insurance, public utilities, retail trade, farming and other lines of private business. Half a dozen agencies have a voice in public education and even more in labor relations.

EVEN more socialistic than the competition of government corporations with private business is the administrative authority that Congress has given to many government agencies. An administrator, aided by a diligent staff, is authorized not only to direct the agency but to promulgate, interpret and enforce regulations for private firms and individuals within the agency's jurisdiction. Administration is substituted for the rule of law. Instead of the constitutional separation of executive, legislative and judicial functions, many government agencies are endowed with all three.

The average worker who pays 154 direct and hidden taxes on a cake of soap, as one example, does not think in billions or in legal terms. He can figure how much such government spending takes from his pocket. If he works a five-day, 40-hour week, three days' pay is for himself and family, two days' pay goes to government and on the other two days he can meditate on the cost of living.

As a result of government financing, today's dollar does not provide any more food than 41 cents bought ten years ago. That is the biggest problem for every housewife, worker, corporation, in-

vestor or pensioner; in fact, the basis of all national problems. Wage, price and commodity controls are only temporary expedients compared to the dollar's value in savings, annuities, invested income, insurance and the permanent economic stability of the nation.

To sell this way of life to the public, our Government has created the world's biggest publicity organization. A congressional committee says 42,000 persons are employed in this activity by the federal Government alone.

GOVERNMENT publicity is not measured by pages but in tons. In one week, a city newspaper gets enough for 800 columns—all the reading matter, exclusive of advertisements, in a six-day, 32-page newspaper.

In addition to their own printed matter turned out in separate offices, the publicity promoters enjoy the facilities of the Government Printing Office, the world's largest and one of the most modern publishing houses.

Many of their publications largely satisfy official ego or expound social theories. Some are in foreign languages for exclusive circulation outside the United States and others are for United Nations branches. In addition to complete publications, GPO publishes: four dailies, one semi-weekly, 13 weeklies, four fortnightly, 74 monthlies, six bimonthlies, 15 quarterlies and 28 serials at irregular intervals, a total of 145 subscription publications.

With tax-supported facilities, costing many millions, Government is set like a Chinese army to swamp opposition by quantity alone. Citizens still have the right of free speech and can express opinions. However, one tenth of the adult population in public employ with its tax-supported machinery is a well disciplined core of the body politic to propagate the theories of the higher policy makers.

Those on cabinet or upper agency levels who rate public speeches or statements to the press, know the party dogma. They are true to the political creed: "One for all, all for one." Those of lesser rank either keep silent or risk disciplinary action if they get out of step.

Uniformity of ideas and of information for the public is essential for a socialized state. Our Government has gone far. Speeches by those on the big-name level must be "cleared" before the orator

mounts a platform with his prepared manuscript. If it is about domestic politics, the speech is submitted to the national committee of the political party in power. Any reference to world affairs is cleared through the State Department. It will even write the speech. Remarks on irrigation, for instance, clear through the Interior Department and so on for other departments and specialized agencies.

President Truman who, as head of the Government, might be free to express his own opinions, is a problem child for the policy makers. He likes to "ad lib" in speeches, also write letters before breakfast. Once on his feet, new ideas pop out as into his address prepared for a recent Pan American conference. "Protocol boys" of the State Department hastily assured Latin American diplomats and the American people that the President didn't mean what he said.

Under socialist regimentation, even a chief of state must not be frank with the people.

DEPARTMENTS and agencies have staffs to decide what public affairs shall or shall not be disclosed. Many go so far as to forbid any discussion of public business with outsiders.

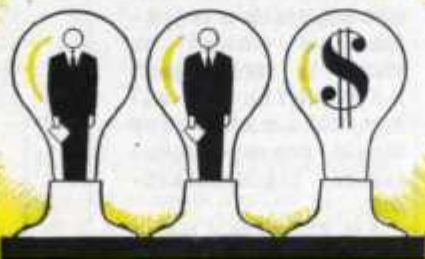
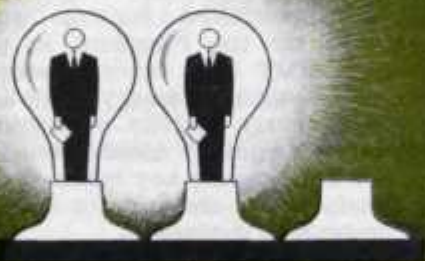
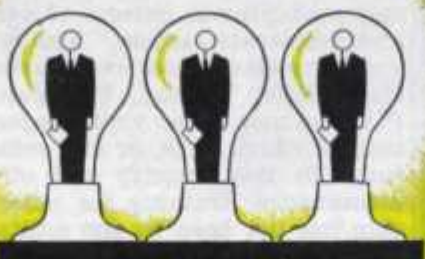
The American Society of Newspaper Editors said at its last national convention: "Most federal offices show exceptional zeal in creating rules, regulations, directives, classifications and policies to hide, color or channel news. When the people rule, they have a right to know all that their government does."

"The guiding credo in Washington is that it is dangerous to let government information leak out in any unprocessed form."

Policies which were old when Rome was great still are effective. Rome diverted the populace with circuses and food. The people frolicked and sent their sons to war. A ruler fiddled and schemed for more power and eventually the empire which ruled the then known world was brought to a state of collapse.

While the foundations of our nation are undermined by the depreciating dollar, the people's attention is diverted or salved by sensations and investigations, communism and other scares, parity prices, public aid—a government check to one family in three—or wage increases which mean little in depreciated coin. With public attention diverted to incidentals,

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the socialistic planners plot still bigger government.

Unperturbed by world and local turmoil, Washington's architects of socialism diligently plan more and stronger government dictation over the people. Some proposals have come to light:

1. A sentence in the Senate bill for Universal Military Training was: "Congress further declares that it is the duty of all citizens to engage in such training for civilian and military service as will prepare them for the assumption of their responsibilities as citizens of a free and democratic nation." The mild sounding clause goes even farther than Hitler Jugend, Communist Pioneers and other youth organizations which were, or are, voluntary. In this country and other democracies, training for citizenship has not been by the military but in the homes, schools, churches and neighborhoods. Rep. Ralph W. Gwinn of New York and Sen. William E. Jenner spotted the danger. The scheme to militarize education disappeared in the House committee.

2. Unrestricted controls suggested for the President in the same UMT bill covered wages, prices, housing, industry, trade and almost every activity of citizens. The Government could commandeer and operate any business not satisfying its demands or start a competitive business.

3. In one of his television appearances, Price Stabilizer Michael DiSalle proposed compulsory licenses or permits for all business men. Even a farmer could not sell a tomato without government permission. On the naïve theory that a gangster who has a driver's license will not highjack a truckload of whisky or shoot a rival, such handcuffs on all American business would prevent occasional blackmarketing.

In Communist Russia and some other countries, every person must register with the police, even if he only sleeps overnight at a friend's house, and must carry an identification card to be shown on any occasion. This can come later in the United States.

4. Though denied by Secretary John W.

Snyder, Rep. Allan O. Hunter of California insists that the Treasury Department is considering a compulsory bond buying law. The Treasury does believe compulsory saving could check inflation. Deductions would be made from wages, bank deposits or other earnings. Soviet Russia uses this method.

5. Most pretentious of the proposals is a detailed plan for military socialism obtained from the secret files of the Defense Department by Rep. Thomas H. Werdel of California. Under orders of American occupation forces in Germany, Generals Franz Halder and Heinz Guderian, former chiefs of staff of the German army, with a corps of high-ranking German officer prisoners, worked on this plan for more than a year. It outlines complete military rule of this country in peace or wartime, even to removing the President. The Communists also have a stock plan for taking over a country by revolution. The tactics differ but the blueprints for each operation are available in Washington.

Thus as Government takes over more of the functions of free enterprise and of individuals, the future goals of state socialism also become clearer. The startling conclusion is that though we sacrifice lives and spend billions to fight communism around the world, our own country moves closer to the socialized controls of Communist countries. With this light on the future and with the lessons of other nations where government became more powerful than the people, our nation can steer its course calmly, sanely and safely.



Mauch Ado About Muscles

(Continued from page 53)

you'll melt." From recent studies, medical researchers have come to believe that the recurrence of heart trouble, ulcers, and high blood pressure might be lessened greatly by attention to diet and physical activity.

There are some medical men who blame thickening and degeneration of the arteries (hardening) not to age, as has been believed, but to a diet high in fat.

However, all rises in blood pressure are not to be considered alarming. Many can be relieved by exercising mental hygiene; which means controlling wild impulses that wind up with tops blown sky high. This recommendation is also a happy handout from Gus Mauch for gents with a tendency toward ulcers.

Human beings are so curiously perverse about what's best for their health that Gus sustains himself with examples from baseball's wry humor. He is reminded of the classic simplicity dictated by the late Hack Wilson's health preferences.

When Hack was with the Chicago Cubs under Manager Joe McCarthy, pitchers hated to see his squat figure at the plate. He was one of the game's all-time power hitters. McCarthy knew his value to the team and was patient with Hack's happy-go-lucky, carefree ways. Hack had a fondness for after-hour fellowship.

One day McCarthy figured out what he felt was the last word in object lessons. He called Hack into his office and showed him two glasses on his desk, both filled with clear liquid.

"Hack," said Joe, "one of these glasses is filled with gin, the other with water. I'm going to take this worm here and drop it in the water. See! It swims! It stays healthy. Now I'm going to drop it in the gin and you'll see what happens." Sure enough, the worm curled up and died. Mac turned to Hack with a look of triumph. "Hack, look what happened to that worm. Isn't that convincing? What do you think of gin, now?"

Hack stared at the dead worm for a long time. Then he turned to Joe.

"Mr. McCarthy," he said, "it just goes to prove that if I keep drinking gin I'll never get worms."



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Off-the-Job Insurance

(Continued from page 40)

families. They became an added burden to the taxpayer. And, as actual or potential charity cases, they were an inefficient labor pool."

Recently, in a talk before the General Broker's Association, Miss Donlon put the case for disability insurance in a blunt statement. Far from being socialization, she held, it was a realistic hedge against socialization. "Where there is an insurable risk of income of such serious importance to large numbers of individuals as to constitute a social problem," she said, "insurance should be mandated to provide the desired protection, but this insurance should not be provided by government monopoly."

The possibility of fraudulent claims is an element that plays a dominant part in the thinking of many rigid opponents of state-administered insurance. A case in point is that of a certain "Karl," who was singled out by one critic of the Rhode Island plan. Karl, it was alleged, was a 51-year-old workman who earned an average wage of \$68 a week.

It seemed that he developed a lame back in June, 1949, recovered suddenly after Labor Day, relapsed in June, 1950, and again recovered in the fall. During his periods of disability he drew a combined workman's compensation and disability benefit of \$46 a week while operating a profitable hot dog business at one of Rhode Island's beaches. His recovery in each case coincided suspiciously with the end of the resort season.

On the other hand, for every case of supposed dishonesty at the expense of employers and other workers, there are hundreds of

cases where the availability of short-term compensation has spelled the difference between pulling through and personal tragedy.

Advocates of disability legislation have been quick to point out that fraud in disability benefit cases is no different from that in any ordinary insurance case. "Fraud," said one official, "can occur in any contractual situation; and if it occurred in a state-sponsored insurance program, it is no more or less venal than anywhere else. It is certainly no basis for a case against insurance."

Others point out that no disability benefits are paid until after an initial waiting period, during which there is a competent medical investigation. The amount of chicanery that can be practiced in spite of such medical checks is relatively little. Further, where, as in New York, the insurance is in private hands, the cases are actually routine commercial projects handled in the usual way by the medical examiners of the insuring companies.

Most business men feel that of the four existing types of disability insurance legislation New York's is the most workable because it is the most flexible and easily administered. The Rhode Island law has stirred the greatest antagonism, even though it requires no contribution from the employer. Business leaders hold it is a state monopoly, hence a dangerous step toward socialization, and that it permits workers to combine disability payments with workmen's compensation (up to 85 per cent of their average weekly wage), thus putting too high a premium on a failure to report for work.

How to Help Your Congressman

(Continued from page 29)

tures if he faced the overwhelming pressure of taxpaying constituents for sensible economies.

I've had one rude shock in this, my first session of Congress. Often I have visited and interviewed other members, holding the illusion that they had time for statesmanlike study of the issues, great and small. But I was mistaken. Today members must hurry from conference to committee to con-

ference again, to lunch, to session, to office, to conference—and to a few hours of sleep.

Each congressman must assume duties for his district comparable to those of business executives drawing \$25,000 and up—less taxes—a year. He must help make decisions involving the expenditure of billions of dollars, and shape policies that affect the lives of every person in the nation.

I'm not suggesting that my col-

leagues be paid more salary, but that they be given other relief. Coming into this thing fresh from the outside, I can point to possible reforms without the inhibitions that might stop more experienced and therefore more cautious men. I would recommend two things:

First, that a congressman's work load be lightened. In the last Congress, 16,328 bills were introduced and 5,716 reported to the floor. The work load of committees has more than doubled since 1946, in terms of measures considered. A large share of this load consists of private bills.

Several thousand bills to stay the deportation of aliens illegally in this country fall on the necks of the Judiciary Committee each session. Power should be delegated to the Immigration and Naturalization Service to handle such matters. Other departments should be given authority to deal with private measures. Small claims should be adjusted by agencies involved, and large claims by the courts. Greater home rule for the city of Washington would release a lot of time and energy of the "city councilmen" on Capitol Hill.

Second, Congress could stand a few more reforms. The Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946 brought needed improvement, but there's still room to save wear and tear on the congressmen. More adequate staffs should be provided the standing committees to assure continuous review of the activities and expenditures of executive agencies. One new worker should be added to the staff of each committee, to do what no member can humanly do today—make a concise analysis of all bills, with a weather eye for their effect on each district.

We could save many hours by installing an electric voting machine. It takes about half an hour to call the roll of the 435 names, including calling a second time those not answering, and recalling members who show up at the last minute. The automatic roll call tabulator would do the job in less than 30 seconds.

Any steps taken to free congressmen from the crushing burden of details will pay dividends in better service. You may have heard of the pompous fellow who, on reaching Washington and bedding down in a good hotel, phoned his representative.

"Send over your office boy, and I shall instruct him," said the visitor.

"I, myself," wearily answered the congressman, "am Washington's prize errand boy."



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The Small Type in War Contracts

(Continued from page 26)

item in which the nail substitution was made.

Again, the honest business man suffers because of delays in Justice Department determination of guilt or innocence in suspected fraud cases. While such cases are awaiting investigation by Justice, contractors involved get no payment for work done. Quite aside from the hard reality of the Justice Department's heavy work load compelling delay, the contractor involved can easily go broke.

In spite of occasional instances of unfairness in defense contracts, as viewed by business and industry, troubles over government work often can be traced to the contractor rather than the Defense Department. Service procurement men say that industry brings most of its troubles on itself—troubles which usually interfere with steady progress of the defense program as well. To back up these assertions, they can cite examples almost endlessly.

There was the plant, for instance, that sent in a bid on a small consignment of screw drivers. Not until after contract signing was the bidder's mistake discovered. He thought he was buying surplus screw drivers; not offering to sell. Army was compelled by law to buy the screw drivers elsewhere and charge against this careless bidder the difference between the price he bid, and what the items actually cost.

"That fellow," an Army procurement man dryly observed, "will really read his contract before he signs up to do business with the Government again."

Equal neglect was shown by a small cookie manufacturer some months ago. Plucking a Navy offering of cookies directly out of a surplus sales catalog, this little concern mailed in a bid which turned out to be high.

The Navy Department, which could not know of the bidder's mistake mailed an award. The dismayed bidder then informed the sailors that he wanted to sell cookies—not buy them. No relief could be afforded in this case, since contracting officers were unaware

of the error until after the contract was signed.

Obviously, neither the would-be screw driver buyer nor the cookie seller gave specifications sufficient attention to make proper bids. Such carelessness brings major trouble for bidder and defense buyer alike, when applied to more complex contracts.

Not infrequently, say Air Force procurement men, bidders fail to check raw material markets before bidding, only to find after signing a contract, that some needed material is unobtainable. They forget, explain the procurement experts, that not even a Defense Order, today's version of priorities, will produce a raw material im-



"Would you be interested in my way to get dishes clean in a jiffy?"

mediately if the supply is exhausted.

"The biggest trouble service buyers run into," reports Col. Robert A. Howard, until recently chief of the Munitions Board's Office of Procurement, "is failure of bidders to read specifications carefully. Often, a firm has been supplying a certain item over a long period and when a bid invitation carries the name of this item in its early paragraphs, a bid is immediately prepared without further reading of the specifications. Sometimes the contract is signed and sealed before the bidder learns that, although the end product wanted goes by a familiar item-name, important new changes have been made in the specifications."

This latter type of mistake, says Colonel Howard, is responsible for many concerns bidding on items

which, later examination shows, they cannot or do not want to produce.

Another form of business thoughtlessness is involved in the hundreds of requests from manufacturers who ask for formal bid invitations without trying to determine first whether they really intend to bid.

John D. Small, chairman of the Munitions Board, demonstrated this in testimony before a Senate appropriations subcommittee. He cited a case in which one of the services got 959 requests for "bid sets" of formal, detailed specifications; sent out 759 sets before the supply was exhausted—and got only 81 bids. This example involved a product relatively simple to manufacture: ammunition boxes. In another case, 557 manufacturers asked for bid sets on rocket tanks; 505 got them; only 41 made bids.

Not only does this procedure create thousands of hours of needless labor for government defense workers. Bid sets cost money. Requests for such sets practically always exceed the number of available bid invitation papers. The services fill such requests until the supply of bid sets is exhausted, on a first come, first served, basis.

Another factor many small and medium-sized manufacturers fail to consider properly is adequate financing for anticipated government work. Recently the president of a small manufacturing concern got for his company its first big defense contract. He returned to his plant from Washington jubilant over what he regarded as the greatest stroke of success in the history of his firm.

The contract seemed a fine one. It promised a fair profit. Delivery dates seemed reasonable. There was plenty of know-how for the job ahead. Manpower was on the payroll or readily available.

Preliminary work got under way in a surge of energy and enthusiasm. A production line plan was drawn. Then, plant officials went out to buy raw materials, and the whole project struck a snag. Steel-makers demanded a payment of 50 per cent cash down, when the order was placed.

The steel company ultimatum produced a bleak situation for the manufacturer. Cash was obtainable, to be sure—but at a price that would eat up every dollar of anticipated profit. The manufacturer must either default his first big defense contract, or operate for 18 months or more at no profit whatever. A willful default, in turn,

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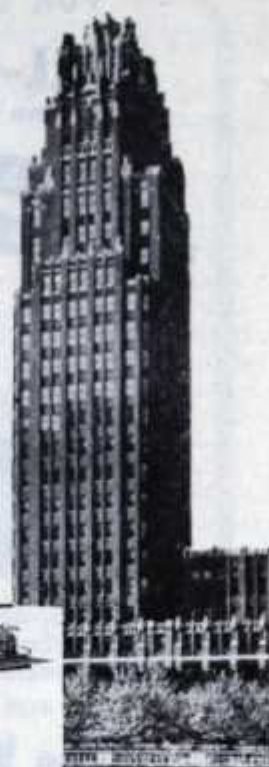
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meant that the Defense Department must place the contract with another manufacturer, and charge the first contract signer with the difference between his price and that finally paid. The outcome of this case is confidential, but it can be seen easily that the bidder involved was in a tough spot.

Sometimes financial mistakes of bidders seem so absurd that they are almost comic. There was a bidder sometime ago, for instance, on a small consignment of ammunition for export. Specifications stated clearly that the contractor must register with the State Department for ammunition export if he got the job. He bid \$350 and the contract was awarded. He went to the State Department to register—and ran smack into a \$100 registration fee. He had to deliver, but he certainly made no money on the deal.

Protests over "harsh treatment," report the procurement men, often come from contractors forced to meet contract demands inadequately studied before submission of bids.

"A curious circumstance about government contracts," remarked Colonel Howard, "is the fact that few business men realize Government is fundamentally two individuals in its executive departments. There is Government, the benign sovereign, who says generously: 'Come one and all, and share the gracious benefits which I can dispense.' And there is Government, the hardfisted buyer, who can buy only with the people's money, and is bound to demand strict compliance with contract provisions in order to keep faith with the taxpayer.

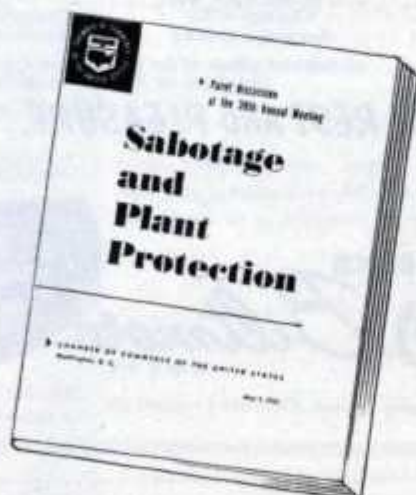
"When a manufacturer fails to note that his specifications include a provision that he must pack an item for export shipment—a fairly expensive process of itself—we can give him no relief when he suddenly, and too late, discovers his plight and yells. The law compels us to make him comply with every line of his contract, whether he makes money or not."

Rear Admiral Morton L. Ring, Military Director for Supply on the Munitions Board, puts it this way:

"If I had to give a single piece of advice, I would say this to the business men who deal with Government: Read your specifications. Read all of them, and read carefully. Provide for compliance with every provision, and know what that compliance will cost you, before making a bid.

"Particularly, I would urge every bidder to locate his raw material,

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know its cost, and the terms on which he must buy, before promising to deliver the Government an end product.

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Perhaps the greatest number of protests against defense contract policies have come, directly or indirectly, from so-called small business, a term interpreted broadly by defense buyers to denote concerns employing fewer than 500 workers. These usually embody complaints over the tremendous volume of defense work handed to the big fellows of industry. Munitions Board Chairman Small could report only 22 per cent of defense contracts during the first ten months of fiscal 1951 in the shops of small business, although this represented \$4,300,000,000.

Aware that the 1947 Armed Services Procurement Act directed that, "a fair portion of the total purchases and contracts . . . shall be placed with small business concerns," Chairman Small said the services were doing everything possible to carry out the spirit of the law. "We also feel," he told a Senate committee, "that the prosperity and growth of new small business concerns are cornerstones in the strength of our over-all economy, which fundamentally is the source of our military materiel strength."

"Small business concerns are being given full and serious consideration in the establishment of new sources (of supply)."

In all likelihood, no explanation like Small's can make happy the small business man with an idle shop who is unable to get defense work. From these, the military services, which buy arms and equipment, and the Munitions Board, which directs procurement policy, must take the raps as they come. No matter what they say, and consideration for the little fellow notwithstanding, the men who buy for defense must have one overriding objective: orderly creation, in the shortest possible time, of a military defense system which will give pause to an intelligent enemy, and which can strike back mortally at one foolish enough to attack.

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Do You Live in Silent Fear?

(Continued from page 41)

until their children grow up or because their wives made them promise not to. Some admit that flying makes them uneasy, no matter how good the statistics are. Yet it is hard to find one who doesn't accept the greater risk of driving down the road at 60 to 80 miles an hour.

How do we come by these irrational fears of one thing or another? We have, of course, a right to be afraid of anything we want, including fear itself.

It is mainly tradition to deny fear. Appearing to be fearless has its advantages, but there is little harm and much good in admitting a fear provided we do not yield to it needlessly.

Fear is a normal physiological response to danger, a mechanism of self-preservation that gives us a shot of adrenalin and the energy to get mad and fight or run. Whether we do one or the other depends on our understanding and judgment of the situation and, most of all, on how we have learned to behave.

Normal fear leaves with the passing of danger. But if our fear continues and accumulates as a state of anxiety, particularly so when we are under strain, our highly developed minds can start playing tricks on us. Once we get the habit of fear, the whole anxiety process can repeat itself in our minds without physical basis. We feel endangered when we are not. We forget just what started it all and proceed to borrow anything that looks like trouble.

This fear-borrowing may be done in many ways. The hypochondriac acquires a neurotic fascination for ill health. The man with a phobia walls some inner fear into one tight compartment—it may be dread of riding in elevators, going through tunnels or dwelling in high places.

Many of us have traces of these tendencies, and would have more than traces if we yielded to them, because morbid fear is an invasive, monopolistic sort of monster.

But there are simpler psychological mechanisms familiar to all of us. One of the commonest is identification. As we grow up, we imitate those we love and admire, associating ourselves with them in both our strengths and our weaknesses. We may identify ourselves with our father or our mother. Thus, if mother had diabetes or

father died of a stroke, we conclude that we, too, shall be stricken that way sooner or later. But scientists who have devoted years to the study of genetics will assure you that the laws of heredity are not as exacting as the anxieties arising from mistaken identification.

The power of suggestion is well known also. Dr. Daniel Blain of Washington, D. C., American Psychiatric Association medical director, says that the soaking up of symptoms they read about is a frequent phenomenon among young doctors: "In the second or third year of medical school nearly every student thinks for a moment that he has each disease as he studies it."

Even just focusing attention on some body organ is dangerous. It doesn't take much concentration on mental illness to convince you that you are losing your mind. The heart, also, is a favorite target for

"Government's function is not to dominate, but to lay down the rules so everyone can act effectively, using his own judgment."
—"Labor's Monthly Survey"
published by AF of L.

fear—so much so that there is the real fear among internists and cardiologists that attracting a man's attention to some mild skip or murmur in this organ will give him a cardiac neurosis.

People with high blood pressure can get higher blood pressure just thinking about it. It was encouraging therefore to read a headline following a recent American Medical Association meeting: "Doctor calls many blood pressure worries unfounded."

On the basis of a blood pressure survey of 70,000 healthy workers Dr. Arthur M. Master of New York proposed that doctors revise their standards and accept readings as high as 145 as normal for a 30-year-old man and up to 160, perhaps more, for a man of 50. Emphasis that such pressures are high only in relation to the low would help allay "our widespread hypertension phobia," said Dr. Master.

According to another doctor, the only reason that men seem to be having more "coronaries" than

they used to in dad's day is that medical science has developed the electrocardiograph and the ability to diagnose this particular heart disease. There are penalties as well as rewards, it appears, in calling things by their right names.

Today, we live in an age of nationally advertised diseases. The health consciousness of the average American has been rubbed a bit raw with warnings of personal peril. If the campaign against tuberculosis doesn't get us, perhaps the one against arthritis will. Or so our health crusaders lead us to believe, possibly overlooking the psychiatrists' point that anxiety, too, is a symptom of ill health.

Several doctors have spoken out against exploitation of our fear of sickness and death in various health publicity. Dr. Blain cited the suicidal reactions of some persons who already have experienced a disease. One woman, 53, who had undergone a radical intestinal cancer operation and was trying to get back to a self-supporting life said that she "reacted each time to the radio threat of death from cancer with an almost irresistible impulse to jump into the Mississippi River and end it all."

Happily, the American Cancer Society has realized the anxieties of the seven out of eight who will not die of cancer and in its recent slogans has asked us to guard our loved ones and look on the brighter side. In one of its newest publications, it takes a typical American community of 5,000 population and places the risk of cancer in proper perspective:

"During the year, 2,500 people will have various ills . . . 250 people will have one of the cancer danger signals . . . 20 people have cancer . . . 12 new cases of cancer will appear . . . 50 people will die . . . seven people will die of cancer."

Putting it that way, we find little cause for general alarm. Knowledge, sensibly given, can show us the importance of watching our health and seeking medical advice when we need it.

As we reach the middle years many of us discover that we harbor a real fear of death. Unless we are to become a nation of alarmists, faint hearts and hypochondriacs, we must learn to live within our mortal limitations, handling this fear in a rational way and rising above it.

Death—from something—at some time—must come. From what is not as important as when. As we continue to conquer the acute and infectious diseases of the young, more and more of us will

live to enjoy life in our 60's, 70's and 80's, when there isn't much left to die from except breakdowns in blood circulation or in cell growth.

Heart disease is our No. 1 killer, to be sure, but we seldom note that the heart victim has a little better than normal life expectancy. The average age of death in heart cases is 68. Cancer? Well, a National Cancer Institute study revealed that if this No. 2 killer were eliminated as a cause of death, our average life expectancy would only be increased from about 66 to 68 years.

We all need some of the strength of character displayed by the old frontier sheriff mentioned by Dr. Hertzler in his book, "The Country Doctor."

When told directly that he had stomach cancer, the sheriff said, "That's all I wanted to know," laid a ten dollar bill on the table and stalked out, satisfied. Death held no terrors for him.

Dr. James R. Bloss of Huntington, W. Va., draws a sharp contrast between the morbidly fearful, who "live on the mental and moral strength of others," and "other persons who face all the problems of life unafraid. The latter solve and overcome the issues, whether great or small. They adapt themselves to meeting sorrow and joy, disappointment, accomplishment, the anxiety and pain of illness, poverty or wealth on an even mental keel. These persons are the psychologically evolved or mentally mature."

Ironically enough, the thing we fear the most often doesn't happen. For example, a Michigan physician suffered a bacterial endocarditis, an inflammation of the heart lining. He recovered in a few weeks and returned to his practice.

Five years or so later, he developed cancer of the colon. There is a good chance of cure here, but the surgeon who did the operation was of the opinion that the cancer had spread too far for him to get it all.

Recovering and again returning to his practice, the doctor-patient expressed the fear, almost to the point of obsession, that the cancer would recur and kill him. Another five years had passed when he was stricken by a heart attack, and died, in his late 60's. The autopsy revealed that the endocarditis, which had not bothered him at all, had damaged his heart valves. On the other hand, no trace could be found of the cancer he feared so much.



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One of the Boys

(Continued from page 44)

Mr. Briggs, looking at the long stone bridge stretching to Miami from the beach.

The man said with feeling, "Mister, this is Miami Beach. Anything can happen when you drop your hook into that water!"

Briggs soon saw what the man meant. He went onto the concrete walk, the warm wind tugging at his hair and clothes and immediately saw a man reeling in his line. Mr. Briggs stared over the rail and saw what was at the end of the hook. It was a four-foot, twisting, lashing eel.

The fisherman swore and said it was a moray eel and very poisonous.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Mr. Briggs, his skin crawling.

"Kill it," replied the man, picking up a thick stick he had near him. "These damn morays ruin the fishing."

Mr. Briggs turned away with a shudder as the clubbing began and walked slowly down the causeway, staring at the catch resting on newspapers. There were fish of many kinds, with strange colors, some flapping and gasping, some curved in rigid death. None of them was very large, but they were fish and he could at least face Lucy, could at least talk to Mr. Andrews about the fish he'd caught. . . .

Four hours later Lucy came searching for him, her small shape wandering along the dock wistfully, then hurrying onto the causeway. She found Briggs, his face reddened by the unceasing wind and blazing sun, numbly holding on to a drop line which disappeared into the now dark green water. He was alone, all the other fishermen having gone home.

He hadn't caught a fish.

"I couldn't take the boat. I got seasick. So I came up here," he said bitterly, "and I was the only one who didn't catch anything."

She said soberly, "Maybe you're doing something wrong. Maybe..."

Mr. Briggs uttered an oath. Lucy looked stunned.

"These damned fish," shouted Mr. Briggs. "These insipid, brainless creatures. Who can figure out what they'll do? I'm using the same bait, live shrimp, that everyone used. I put it on the hook just the way everybody else did. People all around me were pulling in fish."

"Now Charles," said Lucy, "you must..."

Mr. Briggs thrust a wrathful face near Lucy's. "A 13-year-old boy was fishing next to me. He caught two yellowtail, a mackerel and a bonita. It was humiliating."

Lucy was silent, and a little awed. She'd never seen her husband so aroused before.

"I'm not going home," he snarled, "until I catch a fish. It's no longer a question of Mr. Andrews and the job. It's a matter of pure self-respect. Am I a man?" he demanded, "or a bookworm?"

"But Charles, there are only two more days."

Charles Briggs' face flamed darkly. He started to pull in his line with vicious jerks. He looked with narrowed eyes at Lucy.

"Think I can't catch a fish in two days?" he muttered. "I'll show you. I'll show everybody. No wonder they laugh at me. I don't fit." He stalked off the causeway, the fish line crumpled in his hand, the hooks dangerously close to his wrist.

Lucy hurried beside him to keep up. "No wonder I lost the Holloway deal," he said with a strange savageness to his voice.

"Where are we going?" his wife inquired.

"To buy the best fishing rod in Miami," Mr. Briggs said. "I'm going to plunge into their competitions. And surpass them."

The next day, Briggs was back on the causeway. He had a fine trolling rod, nylon line, a live-bait bucket, fish stringer, cleaning knife, fiery glint in his eye and four kinds of artificial lure, despite the advice of the supply store clerk



to the effect that live shrimp was the only thing they'd bite at.

"Now," said Mr. Briggs, an unholy smile on his face, as he gingerly flipped the bait in a fair-to-middling cast, "start biting, you daggone imbeciles."

He stood there waiting, breathing in the balmy breeze. The minutes passed. The hours began to pass.

Other fishermen came. They began pulling in fish. Albacore, angelfish, mackerel, others. The 13-year-old boy returned to the spot next to Mr. Briggs.

Unaware of the man's burning gaze, the boy heaved a drop line baited with bits of mackerel over the side.

Ten minutes later the boy let out a yelp and brought up a pompano....

At the end of the long day Mr. Briggs stood, a forlorn figure, outlined against the setting sun. His shoulders sagged as he leaned wearily against the rail.

Somebody touched his shoulder. It was Lucy. She looked at him with round, eager eyes.

"Catch anything?" she said almost in a whisper. He winced, and slowly wagged his head.

"A crab," he said miserably. "A damned crab. Also a mess of seaweed that I thought was a fish. I made a fool of myself yelling that I had a bite, too."

They were silent. Lucy's eyes were moist with sympathy. Mr. Briggs saw it and with an effort roused himself. "It's all right, Lucy," he muttered. "Maybe I should have used a silver spoon."

"What's that?" she asked with wifely solicitude. "Maybe we can get one and..."

"No," answered Briggs. "Tomorrow we have packing to do. I guess it's finished. I..."

He stopped. He was staring, with bent head, down at his watch chain. "What is it, dear?" Lucy asked.

"I've got it," said Mr. Briggs eagerly. "I'll try this."

To Lucy's horror Mr. Briggs reached with fumbling hands to remove his glittering Phi Beta Kappa key, the proud insignia of scholarship that he always wore.

"No," said Lucy. "You'll lose it. Don't..."

"It's never been good for anything else," snapped Mr. Briggs. "Let's see if it can help me now."

With fumbling, cautious fingers Mr. Briggs tied the shining golden key to a fishhook. As he cast it over the side, Lucy bit her lip. It splashed into the water and glittered goldenly and then greenish as it sank.

"Forget it, Lucy. The damn thing was no use at... Ulp..."

There was a sudden, savage jerking of the pole in Mr. Briggs' hand and almost immediately, as he clutched it, it bent and seesawed wildly. The reel screamed as the line was taken at a frantic pace. He stabbed his hand at it, nearly breaking a finger on the whirling handle.

Mr. Briggs could never remember the exact detail of the battle that followed. He was aware of hysterical shouting in his ear by Lucy, of pulling in slack with a whirling motion, of wondering how it was the fishing pole didn't snap in two against the tremendous pressure.

Alone on the causeway with no experienced fishermen to advise him, he fought, sweating, aching, trembling until whatever creature it was that had bitten at the Phi Beta Kappa key, ceased its struggling.

They peered over the side, wide-eyed as Mr. Briggs seized the line in his hands and gave a mighty heave.

Slowly from the dark green depths came a huge object. A tremendous, gaping mouth broke the surface, icy cold eyes stared from the head and behind this a long, powerful body tapered.

"Holy Smoke!" whispered Mr. Briggs, his hands shaking. "What a fish!"

"YES SIR," said Mr. Andrews, his eyes glittering. "A 40-pound tuna. Right from the causeway, too. Tell him what you used for bait, Briggsy." Mr. Andrews chuckled.

Mr. Briggs flicked ash off the cigar Mr. Holloway had offered him.

He leaned toward Holloway, fixed him with a look that challenged skepticism.

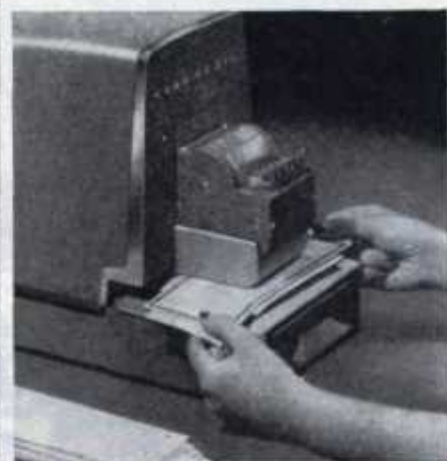
"My Phi Beta Kappa key," he said.

Mr. Holloway, like everybody else who had heard the story, broke into a roar of unbelieving laughter. "Talk about fish stories," he snorted. "That's a piperoo."

Briggs said wrathfully. "Oh yeah!" He shook his finger in Holloway's face. "It's the absolute truth, every word..."

Mr. Andrews listened and watched with a smile. He winked at Holloway, who grinned back at him. Briggsy would fit in after all. Anybody who could tell a fish story like that was certainly one of the boys. He could see, as Holloway listened with a broad grin, that Holloway was getting to like Briggsy.

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ACORNS OF INDUSTRY



The Paint Story



TODAY'S billion-dollar paint, varnish and lacquer industry is apparently as old as mankind itself. Man seems always to have painted—to protect himself or his property, to placate his gods, or otherwise express himself. Paintings drawn with natural colors, and dating back some 50,000 years, have been found in caves in southern France and Spain. Then, as now, the primary purpose was utilitarian.

When our Paleolithic ancestors set out to hunt, the first step was to prepare paint. The hunter dug red or yellow ocher and ground it out in a rough stone bowl, using water or fat as a vehicle. Then he drew animal forms on the walls of his cave.

The primitive superstition was that to capture a likeness of a creature was to dominate it.

Relics of more advanced ancient cultures indicate the highest levels of decorative and artistic painting skill.

The Egyptians, Mayans, Greeks, Romans, Incas—all used a wide range of colors and techniques. How some of them did it still remains a mystery.

The American Indians used paint principally for war and burial. They smeared red iron oxide or ocher mixed with grease on their clothing, implements and weapons, as well as on their bodies. They operated mines for iron oxide and obtained carbon black from smoke. They used clays for white and the juices of various plants for dyes.

To the Indians' elementary knowledge of paint manufacture, the early colonists had little to add.

Paint as we know it today—ready-mixed, colored and easy to apply—was unobtainable.

The painter laboriously ground white lead, which was imported from England, into linseed oil with slab and muller. He used vegetable dyes, and had a limited range of colors.

In 1700 Thomas Child, a painter who ran a little shop in Boston, imported an historic ball of stone from England. This "Boston Stone" was the major piece of equipment for the first paint mill in America. It was fitted into a stone trough which held about two barrels of paint. The paint was mixed thick and placed in the trough. The ball ground the paint as it moved backward and forward. The crude mill ceased to grind in 1739. The stone, however, was incorporated into the wall of a building on Marshall Street in Boston, where it still can be seen.

For the austere New England Puritans, the decorative use of paint, even on the walls of a house, was morally unacceptable. In 1739 the Rev. Thomas Allen of Charlestown, Mass., was publicly chastised for "encouraging the tendency to showy, aristocratic ways of living that would endanger the lives of the community," after painting his house.

In later years paint became a symbol of social prestige. Gleaming coats of paint distinguished the homes of the rich.

For mere tradespeople paint was taboo.

It wasn't long, however, before the Yankees' drive for material advancement and for equality superseded their puritanical inhi-

bitions. The democratic code was accordingly broadened—all men became endowed with equal rights to paint their homes.

With the growing popularity of house painting, several paint businesses flourished, including the oldest member of the industry today, Devoe and Raynolds. In 1754 William Post opened a small establishment as a "painter and glazier." He rapidly branched out—first into selling, then into importing since practically all the raw materials for painting came from England. The pigments were bought dry and ground in oil for sale, so he was soon a manufacturer, too.

Post died in 1800, leaving the business to his sons. After various reorganizations, it became Devoe and Raynolds, one of the large paint manufacturers today.

During the early nineteenth century, Philadelphia was the home of paint making as well as publishing. In 1804, Samuel Wetherill and Son became the first actual manufacturer of white lead in America, managing to buck years of fierce competition with England. The firm, now known as George D. Wetherill, Inc., is still in existence.

In 1811, John Harrison established the second white lead plant there. His company is now part of the Du Pont organization.

Philadelphia is also the home of the oldest varnish maker in the United States, C. Schrack and Company, which was started in 1815 near the site of its present plant.

Longfellow's famous poem about the village blacksmith might well have read, "Under the spreading

chestnut tree the varnish maker cooks." Because it was in this "Village Smithy" that two of America's earliest varnish makers had worked. Franklin Houghton and David McClure "cooked" varnish in small portable kettles, using linseed oil, the traditional "driers," African copal gums and turpentine.

Varnish "cooking" in those days might well have occasioned a poem for other reasons. It was virtually a black art. "Recipes" were guarded with shotguns. They were frequently stolen and then bought and sold in brisk illegal traffic. Ingredients used in making varnish usually were designated by numbers, and curiosity on the part of an employee meant peremptory discharge.

The manufacture of prepared or ready-mixed paint, as we know it today, grew out of the demands of nonprofessional customers for modest quantities. The first such paint was patented July 16, 1867.

Henry A. Sherwin, a young paint dealer in his mid-20's and aware of the tremendous possibilities, sought an improved formula. In 1870, he joined forces with Edward P. Williams, part owner of a glass factory, and started the firm which was destined to become one of the largest paint manufacturers in the world, the Sherwin-Williams Company.

Their first paint-making machinery in a small Cleveland shop consisted of one secondhand stone mill and a putty chaser. The technical staff numbered one chemist.

As cities grew, the paint industry

really got under way. The next half century was a period of mushrooming growth, diversification, refinements of technique and production, and improvements in the product.

In the early 1920's a spectacular new product changed the face of entire industries—not least among them the paint and varnish industry itself. This was nitrocellulose lacquer, notable for its quick-drying properties.

The new lacquer slashed production costs of automobiles, which could now be "finished" in less than a day. Until then the application of many coats of slow-drying finish had taken as much as a month. In addition to the obvious economies, vast areas of space were saved, for extensive plant space no longer had to be set aside for the drying process.

Today the manufacture of paint, varnish and lacquer is a major American industry. Since 1947, annual sales have passed the \$1,000,000,000 mark.

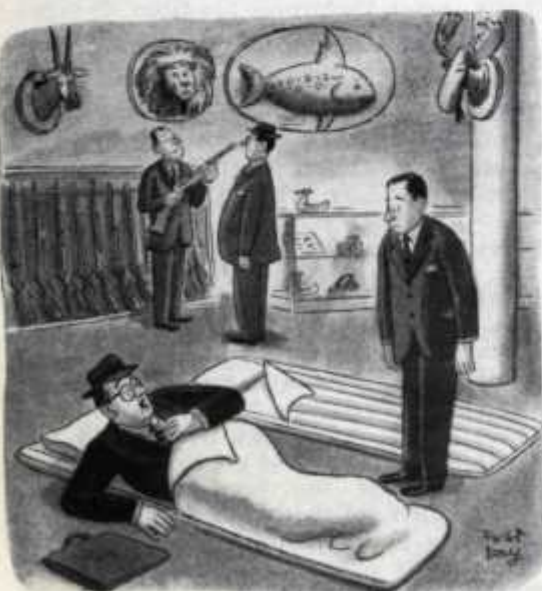
Paint manufacturing establishments number approximately 1,400 and are located in practically every state of the Union. They employ roughly 54,000 workers. Their products are sold through more than 100,000 retail outlets.

More than 2,000 raw materials are used by the industry in the manufacture of protective coatings today. Several thousand research workers are engaged in solving the problems that inevitably arise from the myriad uses of paint products.

Every structure, engineering product, tools of trade, instruments of science, factory and farm equipment must be wholly or partially painted. But one section of the public remains singularly unimpressed. It is made up of customers who refuse to regard the paint they buy as a carefully formulated product. They toss in some linseed oil, turpentine, possibly the dregs of another can of paint—and then attack the product for not bearing out its maker's claims.

When it has convinced such debonair paint users that it is more than a bucket and paddle field, the paint, varnish and lacquer industry will feel it really has come of age.

—HARVEY B. STORCH



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Those Hay Burning Hot Rods

(Continued from page 32)

mannerisms. She puts her feet down without the hoofs clipping one another or kicking herself. Sometimes trotters lift their forelegs high. This looks spectacular but does not cover much ground. To cure this the trainer screws inverted T bars to the front hoofs and slips small brass weights into them. These weights, which vary from two to six ounces, carry the hoofs forward, forcing them to cover more ground with each step.

Wallen is not the only amateur who makes his headquarters at Freehold, which has been a trotting center for 98 years, but he is the only one who has done much driving. One of his fellow horsemen is August "Augie" Daesener, who operates the town's leading hotel and whose collection of horse shoes includes one from Maud S., the horse made famous by Currier & Ives. Daesener owns a three-year-old seal brown trotter named Linda Rosecroft.

Another amateur who puts up at Freehold is Joseph H. Rowan, a retired New York City police lieutenant who got interested in horses 30 years ago. He finally bought a horse named Madeline C for \$200 about 12 years ago, then bred her to a faster horse, and got a well-built trotter, Advance Guard, which has a mark of 2:12. Ever since his retirement last year, Rowan has taken care of his own horses, banging around from one small track to another.

"It's often hard work," he says, "but it keeps you outdoors and if you like horses, you really enjoy it." Rowan plans to take his horses to the Yonkers track this fall because its purses amount to nearly \$2,000 a race. By landing "in the money" or winning a race at these bigger tracks most of the amateurs make enough to pay their feed bills.

One Freehold horse, Beacon Rosecroft, is descended from the same line that produced Demon Hanover, the winner of the 1948 Hambletonian under the reins of the country's best known amateur owner-driver, Harrison R. Hoyt, a Danbury hat manufacturer. Beacon Rosecroft is owned jointly by 69-year-old A. Robert Kehs and his son. They operate a grocery store in Freehold and paid, by country fair standards, a barrel of money for her—\$1,900. They bought her last March and a month later began racing her at the track out-

side Washington. She pulled up lame and hasn't raced since. The Kehs have put her on a farm near Freehold to rest.

"She hasn't got a bowed tendon," says the elder Kehs, "but she's too good a horse to take any chances. When she's in shape, she should do 2:05."

What helps to give the picturesque Freehold track a flavor of the past is an old bent and gnarled, gallus-snapping, tobacco-chewing trainer named Dorey Pope, who admits to 68 though most people think he is 80. He is still actively training and racing horses and everyone around Freehold comes to him for advice.

"I went with the horses when I was 11 years old and I never seen nothing since," he says.

"Courage and persistence have a magical talisman before which difficulties and obstacles vanish into thin air."

—John Quincy Adams

Freehold has always been his headquarters.

"Horse racing is mostly judgment," he is fond of saying. A year ago he realized that he had a trotter named Josedale Bold ready to go the mile in less than the 2:08 mark that the better horses were turning in. He quietly entered the horse in a race. The betters sized up the bent old man and his unknown horse as the longest shot of the day, 90 to one. Dorey bet \$30 across the board on himself and his horse. He breezed through, an easy victor, and collected his impressive winnings.

"That's what I mean by judgment," he crows happily.

Some of the kinds of judgment required in harness racing are unknown in flat, running races because each driver is handling a two-wheeled cart as well as fast horse. The chances of a horse stepping through your wheels if you cut too sharply in front of him are high. Collisions and spills are frequent. Sometimes the sulkies are so tightly bunched when rounding the first turn that wheels are within wheels and horses are breathing down drivers' necks. At that turn everyone is fighting for the rail. What most laymen watch-

ing trotting races do not realize is that the No. 2 position is even more favored than the lead because the lead horse breaks the wind and sets the pace—and if he veers wide on the last curve, the No. 2 horse can come inside on the rail to win. Therefore, the No. 2 spot is often called the "win-hole."

Most spills occur on the first turn. One of the worst spills in trotting history occurred at Roosevelt Raceway one night when Kaola, in the lead, somehow crossed her front legs and fell. Seven horses, sulkies and men piled up on top of her.

Occasionally, a veteran driver, finding himself boxed in, will shout, "My horse broke! Lemme out!" Since a horse that has "broken" gait is running—and hence traveling faster, everyone ahead is in danger of being run down. They must open up to let the inside horse through—and then they see the horse hasn't really broken but comes sailing through in gait and they have lost their advantage.

One of the biggest problems the amateur driver faces is that of rating his horse against the others in a race. Both trotters and pacers are generally considered to have two "brushes"—bursts of speed. One brush is usually consumed trying to get the rail by the first turn. The second is saved for the finish.

Sometimes, when starting from a bad pole position, a driver will take it easy in the first quarter, let the others use up their horses' strength, then give his horse its first brush on the back stretch when the others are tired. It is because the horses have only two brushes that they sometimes race furiously to the first turn, then settle into a long string with every horse on the rail, continuing in this fashion until they reach the final turn when they again rush furiously.

The long half-mile with the horses strung out, one behind the other, is unspectacular but nerve-racking to the drivers, each of whom feels he should maybe "go outside" in an attempt to pass—and each of whom knows that if he does he may be trapped out there, unable to get back to the rail because the horses behind will move up the moment he pulls out to pass. Sometimes a driver will start out, then change his mind, try to come back to the rail and find that the driver behind him has squeezed his horse between his sulky wheel and the rail. This then forces him out. A horse one sulky

width out from the rail must travel further than the horse on the rail and soon uses up his strength.

Sometimes knowledge of other horses' habits helps to win the races. The great pacer Dr. Stanton, for example, is a "front runner," which means that he runs best in the lead and will run himself bow-legged trying to stay there. When graying Lindy Frazier first brought Dr. Stanton east after setting several world's records in California, some drivers determined to humble the champion. They entered a horse named His Lady in Dr. Stanton's first race, knowing that she could be counted on to run a furious first quarter and then fade. At the starter's cry of "Go!" Dr. Stanton got the lead but the speedy mare immediately challenged him. Dr. Stanton burned himself out in the first quarter mile. Neither Dr. Stanton nor His Lady did much for the remainder of the race.

Such tricks are seldom played at country fair tracks, but Stanley Dancer, a 23-year-old New Jersey farm boy, played a different kind of trick last year. He learned to race at Freehold which is not far from his father's farm at New Egypt. The Dancers, as farmers, always had trotters and they even had a half-mile sandy track.

On a hunch Stanley worked his horse right through the winter on his track. When the Yonkers track opened early in the spring, he moved his shaggy, winter-coated horses over there—and proceeded to clean up purse after purse. The track, slow and muddy, resembled his sand track back home. The chilly nights didn't bother his horses, but the sleek animals that had wintered in sunny Florida couldn't get warmed up enough to run well. In his first 12 trips to the post Dancer produced eight winners. The only horse Stanley Dancer owned was a 12-year-old named Candor, that had been sold to him as "hopeless" for \$250. None of her previous trainers ever had been able to keep her from pulling up lame. Dancer changed everything from her feed to her shoes and retrained her. In less than two years he won \$8,000 with her.

Dancer has become a professional trainer and driver, a natural enough sequence for a young man. But not many of the amateur owner-drivers, most of whom already have had a full career, look forward to becoming professionals.

"I'll be satisfied," most of them say, "if I can just about break even financially and if I can lower the horse's time. That keeps it a sport and not a business."

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(Continued from page 35)

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But what of the over-all picture?

During the 22-year period, General Motors stock ranged from a 1929 high of 91¾ to a 1932 low of 7½ and back to a current level of about 100 (disregarding the price change involved in 1950's split-up of shares.) This would mean an average price of \$53. Buying approximately \$500 worth a year, regardless of price per share, you would have at the end of the 22 years 265 shares costing \$11,102, or an average cost of \$42 a share. The whole lot is worth about \$26,500 in today's market, even after having taken out dividends over the 22 years of \$13,703.55.

Thus the dollar-averaging system would not only have bought you more shares when prices were low, and fewer when prices were high (thereby bringing down your average cost) but, more important, would have kept you from falling into the habits of the market dabbler. He plays the hunches and runs with the mob. A composite of all the dabblers since 1929 would look something like this:

Toward the end of 1929, when everything was going up, he probably plunged for 50 shares of General Motors at somewhere around \$90 a share, or \$4,500. Then came the big slide when no dabbler in his right mind could be interested in buying stocks. But in 1936 things were looking up again so he bought another 50 for \$3,000, only to discover that business had not yet turned the corner. So he once more retired to the sidelines. In 1942 he probably got disgusted and sold out. If he got \$3,500 for his \$7,500 investment he was luckier than he deserved.

The dollar-averaging program also is best suited to the investor who intends to acquire stocks steadily and hold them for indeterminate periods. Its potential users constitute by far the largest class of ordinary folk with spare cash. It is based on the constructive as-

sumption that no matter what blow the economy may suffer, it always will come back.

With the equivalent of the total population of Canada added to our buying market in the past ten years, with leading chemical companies doing more than half their business in products which virtually were unknown 20 years ago, this is not a careless assumption. It is basic to any long-term investment program. It has the additional safeguard of turning the investor's attention to the securities of top-notch, long-lived, fundamental companies.

Investment formulas are not, of course, restricted to the \$500-a-year investor. In fact, they are followed most religiously by the larger institutions with funds running into the millions. The individual investor faced with the problem of putting \$5,000, \$10,000 or even more to work would do well to follow their lead.

These formulas, while slightly more complex than the dollar averaging described above are, generally speaking, based on the theory that the value of stock and the value of the dollar (or its equivalent—high-grade bonds) move in different directions. They call, therefore, for moving funds back and forth between stocks and bonds so as to benefit most from a rising stock market and suffer least from a falling one. They are designed primarily for "defensive" investing, for protection of capital rather than for any vigorous attempt to pile up wealth.

One of the most common of these is the equalizing program. If you had a fund of, say, \$20,000 to put to work and wanted to follow this program, you would put \$10,000 into stocks and \$10,000 into high-grade bonds or cash. From then on your aim would be to keep both parts of your portfolio in balance. If stock prices fell 20 per cent, giving you \$8,000 in stocks against the \$10,000 in cash and bonds, you would sell \$1,000 of bonds and put that into stocks, restoring your investment balance of \$9,000 each. If another 20 per cent stock market drop were sustained, the process would be repeated. Thus you would be automatically moving from bonds into stocks as the stock market declined.

When the subsequent rally got under way (and all Wall Street theories are based on the belief

that there is no such thing as a one-way market) you would find yourself with more shares of stock, and thus better situated to share in the rise. As stock market prices continue to advance, the system would call for you to reverse yourself, selling stock and shifting more and more funds to the relative safety of cash and high-grade bonds. Thus the system provides a check on the natural tendency of investors to continue to hold, or even buy more, stock as the price structure becomes more top-heavy.

Variations of this plan are followed by Vassar and Yale in the investment of their funds and by practically all the multimillion-dollar investment trusts. In some cases, shifting of funds from stocks to bonds and back again are carried out at various predetermined stock market price levels; in others the equalizing formula of 50 per cent stock, and 50 per cent bonds is varied to 40-60 or 30-70. In other words, the investor decides beforehand what percentage of his money he wants to put into stocks, what percentage into bonds.

You will find investors who choose to take their annual Christmas bonus, buy as many shares as they can get of the stock they are then accumulating and then forget about the market until next year. Others may want to manage their funds more closely.

Even with relatively small amounts to invest, anyone can do so if he cares to adapt one of the equalizing programs to his own use. Though he may not have \$10,000 or \$20,000 to play with, he can follow the same program of shifting between stocks and bonds by directing his new investment money, as he accumulates it, into mutual investment trust shares based on common stocks, or into those based on conservative high-grade corporate and government bonds. While it would be impracticable to shift the money he already has invested, he can at least trim his current investments to the prevailing financial winds.

But in any event the particular formula is in itself of relatively minor importance. What is important is that you follow some pattern of investment. For formula investing, honestly adhered to, can eliminate the hysteria which made for 1929; can keep the sensible, conservative business man who ordinarily ponders the relative merits of the \$1.10 and \$1.35 blue plates from foolishly gambling a year's savings on an unknown stock because, he heard, "the market's going up."

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The Men Who Build the Dam

(Continued from page 47)

What's behind him?

Two hundred and fifty feet of solid air.

To understand what that means, crawl out on a window ledge of the twenty-fifth story of a big building some day. Stand up. Face in. Let go.

Now, imagine 13 tons hitting you in the stomach.

That's what it's like, and Cox may do it a dozen times a day. This time he's standing up there, steady as a rock. Peaches inches the bucket out, now in, now down—slow there! One stutter, one inch of misjudgment, and a man's life is lost! Down it comes. Oels steadies it.

Cox is behind, hidden. Seconds pass, then—wham! Out comes the mud, and the bucket, relieved of eight tons, jumps. Then Peaches talks it away—and there's Cox, calmly chewing his tobacco.

What makes a good bucket-buster is the speed with which he does his job, hitting that thing at just the precise second, getting that concrete poured in a hurry. In the center of a pour, Oels and Cox work smoothly, swiftly like two well oiled robots tuned into the same wave length. On the edges, though, it's different. When the element of danger enters, the orders, from the top down, are to take it easy, and Oels enforces them.

"I'd rather he'd take all day to bust one bucket than kill himself in a hurry," Oels said. "Bill, you take your damn time."

Strangely, no bucket busters were killed on Bull Shoals dam, and none injured through falling.

It seems to be the little things that cause accidents. One bucket-buster heard the cry of "head-ache," saw the bucket coming down, saw it swinging, and was getting out of the way when his helmet fell off. Through force of habit, he bent over to pick it up. The bucket hit him as he was bending over, and knocked him sprawling. Everybody laughed.

They laughed, that is until they found out what 13 tons can do. The man's lower spine was broken and he'll never walk again.

Ray Ceal, rolling a cigarette, starts talking about fishing around here, and one thing leads to another. First thing you know, there's Oels running Ceal's vibrator. You ask Big Dave about it.

"Nothin' unusual about that," Big Dave says. "He relieves all of us all the time. He's a good man, that boy."

And indeed, Oels has come a long way. Son of a dirt farmer, he didn't get past the eighth grade. He worked in California a little, saw the world, so to speak, and came back to Arkansas. He married a pretty little girl—they have a pretty baby, too—and now is building his own home. His straight pay runs about \$67 a week, but he gets a lot of overtime—at \$2.50 an hour.

Oels is clever and smooth—he stands out among his bunch of stubble-faced laborers like a boy scout—but he's also a worker, as witness his performance with the



vibrator. He's next to the youngest man on his team, but has the thoughtfulness of a much older man.

Some foremen resent the loss of time when the safety man comes around, but not Oels. He encourages him to stay even longer, and attempts to impress on his team the value of listening to advice that might save them from injury or death. And still he gets as much concrete poured as any foreman on the job.

And that's how Bull Shoals dam got built. There was top-notch planning by top-notch contractors, there was the purchase and construction of big equipment, but when it really came down to who did the work, it was a team of men, good workers under good direction, who built Bull Shoals dam.



NOTEBOOK

Boost for enterprise

THE free enterprise system is handicapped by the circumstance that business men—its best friends and ablest practitioners—are so ill-at-ease on soap boxes, while the wearers of economic falsies put up their best front when haranguing an audience.

Paul B. West, president of the Even-Ray Company, Inc., of Newark, N. J., has found a way around this obstacle, through a simple device which makes every letter a harbinger of the American way. At the foot of his stationery he prints:

"This product was conceived and manufactured in the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA under a system of FREE ENTERPRISE where the rights of the individual are protected in his pursuit of health, wealth and happiness."

In West's opinion, if more business men would place some such statement on their products, their letterheads, their advertising, perhaps the American public would realize that today's business man, as well as the business man of the past, does play a very important role in the nation's economy and way of life.

Increase in plant capacity

"THE thirty-six months after Korea (through June, 1953) may see an expenditure of from \$25,000,000,000 to \$30,000,000,000 for new plant and equipment," Alvin Mayne, Defense Production Administration official, told an industrial conference sponsored by the Society of Industrial Realtors and the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, in Philadelphia.

"This outlay will about equal the amount invested in industrial plant and equipment during the six years after the German invasion of France. However, because of the greatly increased cost of building industrial facilities, the physical amount of new capacity to be constructed will equal only

about 50 per cent of the World War II program."

Pressing problems in locating new factories, the conference agreed, are a growing water shortage, a freight rate structure resulting from piecemeal increases since 1946 and increasing state taxes on industry.

"New state levies, combined with steadily mounting rates of existing taxes are placing an ever-increasing tax burden on the business community," Theodore K. Warner, Jr., Pennsylvania Railroad attorney, told the conference. "A state which is expanding and developing new and additional industries can afford to impose low taxes. High taxes are the beginning of a vicious circle in that the taxables are driven from the state or fail to expand, thereby requiring additional taxes from the remaining industries."

Executives need raises, too

PRACTICALLY every firm has some definite plan which provides periodic promotions and salary increases for stenographers, clerks, factory hands and office boys. But how does the boss get a raise?

The Commerce and Industry Association of New York thinks the question is pertinent. Having just asked 223 firms in the New York metropolitan area how they handled advances in the upper echelons, the Association has come to regard executive and professional personnel as forgotten men.

Only 150 of the companies had policies calling for review of executive performance and only nine of these had plans for acting on what the review showed.

School in a hotel

ONLY an unwary writer calls anything unique because a reader somewhere is sure to confound him by producing another just like it.

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State College is completing this month will be, at least, different.

Financed largely through a grant from the Kellogg Foundation, the seven-story structure will have 193 hotel-type double rooms, dining facilities for more than 1,000 persons, an auditorium seating 355, 15 conference rooms, five laboratories and a reading room for hotel and restaurant management students.

The building will serve two purposes. First, it will provide facilities for the on-campus phases of the school's Continuing Education Service, begun in 1948 and which last year served 125,000 persons in special courses, business and industrial training projects. With the new facilities, the number served is expected to double.

Second, the new center will provide hotel and restaurant management students with an excellent laboratory. They will take an active part in its operations.

Where men are poor shoppers

PAPA may be a safe hand with a dollar in most places—but don't turn him loose in a grocery store.

This advice comes from Ralph Head of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn and John Traeg, president of the New York State Food Merchants Association, who recently explored the ways of a man with a market basket.

They found that, although 68 per cent of husbands shop once a week or oftener, 58 per cent shop "usually" and 23 per cent "sometimes," the male of the species will buy things his wife does not buy, will buy larger packages and spend more money. Moreover, at least a third of the time, he pays the larger bill out of the grocery budget—not out of his own pocket.

What happens when he gets the purchases home is fortunately privileged testimony—but wives seem to agree that, in spite of practice, husbands don't know how to buy fresh meats, fresh vegetables or fresh fruits properly.

Threats of antitrust

"THE one thing that makes the United States stronger than other nations is the productive capacity of its industry," in the opinion of Col. H. A. Toulmin, Jr., attorney of Dayton and Washington, D. C.

He regards the action of the Department of Justice in "filing more antitrust suits since 1938 than in all previous history of the antitrust laws," as a real threat to that strength.

Addressing the Eastern Confer-

ence of the Controllers Institute of America in New York, Colonel Toulmin declared that, though the "antitrust laws were meant to regulate methods of business and insure fair play—not change methods of business or destroy business organization," American business "must now be organized for a legal war, as well as for production, because federal litigation is so great."

As a remedy, he proposed that Congress enact into law a plan with these principal features:

1. Take the power of administering the antitrust laws out of the hands of the Department of Justice.

2. Establish an "Antitrust Authority"—an impartial, non-partisan board, including representatives of business, labor and the public.

3. Make this Authority an administrative and policy-making agency to which business might go to find out whether its activities or contemplated activities are violations of law.

4. Empower the Department of Justice to file antitrust suits only after the Authority has acted and only in cases where settlements cannot be reached by adjustment and arbitration.

"Rest in Pieces"

STATISTICS, culled by the loving hand of the mathematician, often become cold and impersonal facts when set in type; so, in a booklet which uses those words in the preface, the Travelers Insurance Companies have attempted to combine fact and fantasy in an effort to reduce automobile accidents.

The booklet titled "Rest in Pieces" will be distributed free as long as the supply lasts. In it traffic accidents which caused 35,500 deaths and 1,799,800 injuries in 1950—as compared with 31,800 deaths and 1,564,000 injuries in 1949—are broken down as to type and seriousness.

Virgil Franklin Partch—popular magazine cartoonist better known as VIP—has illustrated the most practical methods of becoming a statistic in a traffic accident tabulation, and thus "rest in pieces."

According to the booklet, the methods are: Hopping stop signs or lights; exceeding the speed limit; jaywalking; playing in the street; believing you own the road; overloading your car; giving careless hand signals; insisting on the right of way; not paying attention to driving; ignoring slippery or icy

pavements; ignoring stop lines and pedestrian walks; trying to pass on hills or curves; not keeping car in good condition; mixing drinks with gas; and walking on the wrong side of the highway at night.

More manganese

NATION'S BUSINESS is engaged in a cordial and instructive correspondence with Frederick G. Payne, the kindly governor of Maine.

In our June issue we permitted Harland Manchester, discussing manganese, to write:

"We have low-grade deposits—about one per cent ore—in several western states," and to quote a mining expert to the effect that, "If we ever have to depend on domestic manganese, we might as well quit."

To this Governor Payne takes polite umbrage. He writes in part:

"The author ignores the entire eastern section of our country. . . . This appears to indicate that he is not familiar with the extensive deposits in Aroostook County, Me. For example, Administrator Boyd of the Defense Minerals Administration calls our deposits one of the three largest submarginal deposits in the United States. . . ."

"The United States Bureau of Mines has been conducting extensive drillings in Aroostook County. . . . It has been estimated that there are approximately 200,000,000 tons of ore in one five-square-mile area. This is but one of several similar deposits."

And the Maine manganese runs about ten per cent of ore to the ton.

Belated researches by the staff show that Governor Payne is quite correct. They show also that three other eastern states—North Carolina, South Carolina and New Jersey—have manganese deposits that we, and Manchester, overlooked.

We hope that, when the governors of these states write us, they will be as gentle as was Governor Payne.

Sponges for flood clean-up

AMONG the early arrivals in Kansas City as the flood waters receded was an American Airlines cargo plane—carrying a ton of sponges.

Behind it, four more tons were en route by truck.

Earmarked for use in the city's cleaning up operations, the loads were the contribution of O-Cel-O, Inc., of Buffalo, manufacturer of cellulose sponges. They were distributed in cooperation with the Kansas City *Star* and the Salvation Army.



Remember when commercial aviation was trying out its wings? In those days both passenger and pilot wore coveralls, helmets, goggles and parachutes. And oftentimes a traveler found himself bounced by a sack of mail.

But things are different now. No longer is air travel just for the rugged individual. It's a standard means of getting from one place to another.

Your community has changed, too, since flying's good old days. Schools are better, so are medical and recreational facilities, and living conditions in general.

Of course, improvements like these aren't automatic. They are made because people want them and are willing to work for them.

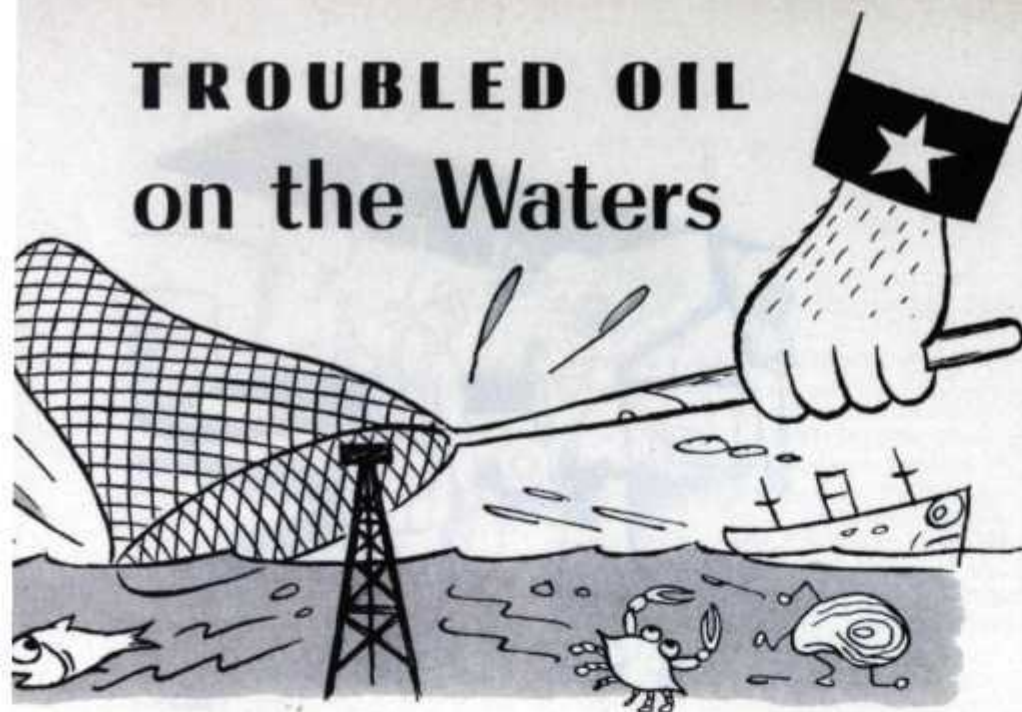
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TROUBLED OIL on the Waters



A MADRIGAL dedicated to the proposition that "there's a hole in the bottom of the sea" used to serve as a handy, warm-up exercise for spontaneous group singing.

Louder and sterner choruses are being built today around the same theme—and the lyric is heavy with political significance.

Researches have established that the hole might well be filled with oil, a circumstance which, according to Washington politicians, made it an essential part of our national defense. Therefore, they said, the Government should control it. The Supreme Court has upheld this view in three surprising decisions which can, without stretching the imagination far enough to break it, cloud the title of every citizen's rights, not only in navigable waters, but in mines, or quarries—and possibly potato patches—because the reasoning which takes one kind of right from a state would serve to take any other kind.

The tale begins when the original 13 colonies, having won their independence, became 13 sovereign states. As such, each controlled not only the land within its borders but, by world-wide acceptance, the waters for three miles off its shores. When they ratified the Constitution, these states specifically granted certain rights and lands to the Government. Except for navigation, the rights to tidal and marginal waters were not among those so conveyed.

New states entering the Union were accepted on an "equal footing" with the original 13.

So, for 171 years, each state controlled the waters off its

shores. In 52 different opinions, the Supreme Court upheld their power to do this.

By 1933 the principle was so well established that Secretary of the Interior Ickes refused to grant federal oil leases on marginal lands under the Pacific Ocean within the boundaries of California because, "title to the soil under the ocean within the three-mile limit is in the State of California, and the land may not be appropriated except by the authority of the state."

A little later, when the Secretary had decided to his satisfaction that the companies developing the offshore oil were "grabbing" national resources and that his Department should take over control, someone called his attention to the earlier statement.

"I made a mistake," he said. "And when I make a mistake, it's a beaut."

World events which made national defense a paramount need gave the federal controllers new ammunition. Obviously oil was essential to defense. Ergo, said the Government, national control was necessary.

This argument reached the Supreme Court in the case of *United States vs. California* in 1947 and the Court held that the oil under California's waters was, indeed, under federal control. It reaffirmed this view in two later cases.

An immediate and practical result of this judicial reasoning was to make questionable the leases which states had granted to private oil companies to develop the tidewater oil fields. Leases must now presumably issue from the

Government which, so far, has no arrangements to issue them. As a result, tidewater oil recovery has practically ceased.

So far oil has been the immediate subject of controversy. But the Defense Department buys several million commodities which are, presumably, also essential to national safety. If the Government can regulate the oil lands beyond low-water mark, a natural next step would be to regulate the sponges, the fish, shrimp, or whatever else is in those same waters.

As Sen. George A. Smathers of Florida observes, "titles to piers, islands, homes, warehouses now stand in jeopardy. . . . If the federal Government can, by such means, take the marginal lands, it can likewise appropriate for itself the coal mines of Pennsylvania, the gold mines of Colorado, and the silver mines of Nevada."

Already the Justice Department is using the theory of "paramount rights" expounded in the tidelands case in an effort to seize an inland water supply for a naval establishment. The Navy had been negotiating with private landowners toward a division of the water in the Santa Margarita River in southern California. Then the Attorney General asked the court to:

"Declare and determine that all of the rights of the United States of America in and to the Santa Margarita River are paramount to the rights of the defendants. . . ."

Meanwhile, congressmen are trying to re-establish the situation which existed for almost 180 years. The House has passed a bill by Rep. Frances Walter, Pennsylvania, specifically assigning to the states all ownership rights within their original boundaries over the yield of submerged lands, inland and coastal.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States supports this bill. In the Chamber view:

"Federal administration of these resources would produce no more oil and gas for national defense than is possible under state ownership and administration. In fact, federal laws, with final authority remote from the scene of operations, have tended to retard and discourage exploration for oil and gas underlying inland federal lands."

The Government argument that drilling under a federal lease will be less wasteful than drilling under state authority seems difficult to follow. The Government once controlled a considerable acreage of the country's oil lands.

It gave them back to the Indians.

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